

BRUTARIAN

THE MAGAZINE THAT DARES TO BE LAME!



GARY LEIB 93'

FAN MAIL



Brutarian:

What is this with the bombing and the nasty words and the unstinting machine gun bursting? What have we, an honorable but underfed people, done to deserve such unjust treatment? Yes, we killed twenty-three of your so called peacekeepers but they were Pakistanis. These are less than men are they not? That is why they work in your convenience stores for two cents an hour and eat dirt with mint yogurt on it. Is this not so? Then why is the rich and powerful United States angry at us for destroying a few 7-11 dirt eaters?

Much Befuddled,
Mohamed Farrah Aidid
Somalia

Mr. Dominik Brutarian:

I think it good that you call your enterprise Odium because odious is what your publication is. But then everything done by men is bestial, foul and full of lies. You are jackdaws whose only interest is raping and subjugating women. Your penis in our vaginas is an intrusion, a knife thrust in our healthy bowels . . . No, that's enough. I cannot go on with this charade. What the fuck is wrong with you guys? Where are the real men? Men who'd have the guts to laugh in my face and tell me the truth. Tell me that the only reason I'm pissing on them is because I'm a monstrous sack of shit with withered dugs and a face like Rondo Hatton's. I know it. You know it. Gloria Steinem certainly knows it (Ever seen us in public together? Of course not.). So c'mon, let me have it, I'm starting to bore myself. Listen, if you guys are too chickenshit to call me out on this, I'll just keep writing my infantile books and popping off about male hegemony. Which will continue to put all sorts of silly ideas in the tiny brains of your whore girlfriends and slut wives until one of you pricks has the guts to knock my fucking teeth down my missshapen throat.

Waiting to hear from you she-men,

Andrea Dworkin

Ah Dearest, Dearest Dominik:

And how is your asshole? I think often of its many tortured crenellations, its manly rubescence adorned with budding hemorrhoids. In more somber moments I dream of it lightly downed with feces, its hairs gently undulating like sea anemones in shallow pools of water. Then and only then would I try that marvelous bronze eye, that spicy brown ring. How is your asshole, Dominik? Would it admit two fingers? Three, perchance? I am totally abashed. I will say no more.

Jean Genet
Somewhere in the bowels of
purgatory

Brutarian

Alright, I'll admit it. I didn't get HIV from doin' the nasty with all those bitches. But how the fuck was I supposed to know that Ru Paul was a man?

Magic Johnson
Hollywood, California

To Whom It May Concern:

Please don't send your magazine "Brutarian" to my address again. I hate your magazine. It is a waste of your resources to send it to me because I will only tear it up and recycle the paper. Please don't attempt correspondence. There is nothing to discuss. Our views differ by gigantic proportions. I hate your magazine. I won't be accepting it at my address. Don't send it! Feel free to reproduce this note. I would love the opportunity to say that I hate your magazine.

Sincerely,
Conrad Uno
PopLlama Records
Seattle, WA

Congratulations Conrad, you are now the first recipient of a lifetime subscription to Brutarian. As an added bonus, we have also thrown in a subscription to Highlights Magazine For Chil-

dren, a publication more congruent to your world view.

Followers of Christ:

My children, it pains me greatly to inform you that some of our priestly orders are no longer mere fishers of men but trawlers for the languid, rubicund flesh of cherubic young boys. *Rectum et fucem kiltum*. Still, I ask you, my flock, to not assign blame so readily. *Gargla mi baga*. My sacerdotes are men and as men are prone to all temptation that mortal flesh is heir to. So look to yourselves and your Bulgarian Enema Nurses and Ass Masters magazines, your dildo emporiums and your disco fisting parlors. Do not look to me my bambinos. *Non disputandum cum monimenta cascas*. It is the sinful products of sodomites who have pushed the celibate into the very bowels of filth. *Veni Vidi Felchi*.

Your Vicar of Christ,
Pope John Paul

My Fellow Americans:

It is with a heavy heart that I come to you after burying that ragged pile of bones otherwise known as Pat Nixon. She was a good woman, a very good woman. Yet to be honest, and let me just say this, that I prize honesty in a person above all else, Pat just couldn't cut the cheese in bed. Oh, I tried. Oh how I tried. But nothing I could say or do, no, not even bringing in Herbert Hoover to give her a few tips, could jump start that dead engine. She was just a cold fish. Unlike my dear associate Mr. Hoover. God, that one was all woman. I would have loved to, as my close friend Sammy Davis, Jr. used to so poetically put it, "rip a piece off of that." Let the Kennedys have Marilyn, I'll take J. Edgar in hot pants and fishnet stockings any day of the week.

Sincerely,
Richard Nixon

its

BRUTARIAN

NUMBER 9

Ms. Perfect: Sex With Machines by Sally Eckhoff

Whither Goest Thou Westerberg? by Peter Gilstrap

Taking The Heat: A Talk With A Reluctant Reverend by Dom Salemi

Celluloid Void w/ A. Lee, B. Johnson, S. Jeffries, D. Salemi, V. Stanley
and S.W. Manor

Six Pack Theatre by Ozzy Fide

Onan The Brutarian by Brian Horrorwitz

Application For Admission - Lorton University by Andy Mound

Brutarian Library w/ S. Eckhoff, D. Salemi and S.W. Manor

Audio Deprivation w/ K. Brewer, B. DiPlacido, S. Jeffries, B. Johnson,
J. Kirkland, L. Kirschner, A. Lee, G. Maranville,
C. Regala and D. Salemi

On Manor's Mind by Stately Wayne Manor

Thirteen O'Clock by Randy Palmer

Gargle My Bag by Jim Schoene

Plus

Front Cover Art by Gary Leib

Onan The Brutarian by Jarrett Huddleston

Fireman's Ball and Fun With Genitals by Greg Suss

The Curse Of The Lucky Stag Beetlehead by Mike Diana

In A Men's Room In Indiana and

Art Reception by Eve Gilbert

Cousin Granpa by Paul Revess



"Let me disclose the gifts reserved for age
To set a crown upon your lifetime's effort.
First, the cold friction of expiring sense
Without enchantment, offering no promise
But bitter tastelessness of shadow fruit
As body and soul begin to fall asunder.
Second, the conscious impotence of rage
At human folly, and the laceration
Of laughter at what ceases to amuse.
And last, the rending pain of re-enactment
Of all that you have done, and been; the shame
Of motives late revealed, and the awareness
Of things ill done and done to others' harm
Which once you took for exercise of virtue.
Then fools' approval stings, and honour stains."

T.S. Eliot
From Little Gidding: Four Quartets, 1943

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Men: dom salemi, Jarrett Huddleston, Jim Schoene

Woman: Sandy Smiroldo

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Back issues - \$6, which is incredibly cheap for works of such unsurpassed genius.

ONAN THE
BRUTARIAN

ODIUM COMICS GROUP™



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ONAN

THE BRUTARIAN™



THIS
ISSUE'S
THRILLER!

THE PERIL OF THE CHTHONIAN SWAMP

DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF HIS Cimmerian
STRONGHOLD, ONAN THE BRUTARIAN SITS
UPON HIS MAJESTIC THRONE, REMEMBERING
THE DAY OF HIS SPIRITUAL EPIPHANY...



IT WAS FAR TO THE
SOUTH OF HERE...
IN THE SHELTERING
EASTERN DESERTS
OF THE KINGDOM
OF SHEM.

I HAD JUST PASSED
THROUGH AN ORDEAL
BY FIRE IN THE HOLY
CITY WITHOUT A NAME
BEYOND THE STINKING
BANKS OF THE STYX.*



AS I RESTED IN
A REMOTE OASIS
I WAS ENTERTAINED
BY A SMALL TROUPE
OF HAMADRYAS
MONKEYS.

* ISSUE #6 ed.

HO! WHAT SPORT! WHAT AMUSEMENT IN WATCHING
THESE WILD CREATURES! SEE HOW THE YOUNG
MALE TAKES A BUDDING FEMALE AND REPEATEDLY
THROTTLES HER SO THAT SHE MIGHT LEARN
HER PROPER STATUS AS HIS POSSESSION! HA! HA!



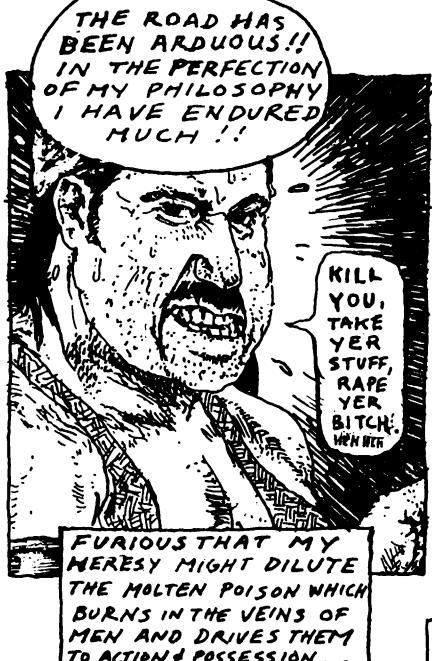
AND LOOK THERE! THE PROUD CHIEFTAIN WITH HIS GREAT
BILLOWING MANE! HOW MAJESTICALLY HE RULES HIS
MOTLEY TRIBE; HIS HAREM PRESENTING THEIR FECUND
BACKSIDES, SO THAT BY A DISDAINFUL SAMPLE HE MAY
DEMONSTRATE HIS DOMINION! STROM, WHATA ROGUE!



BUT WHAT OPPRESSIVE DANGER
AND RESPONSIBILITY IN SO
EXALTED A POSITION! FOR
HE MUST BE EVER WARY OF
THE COVETOUS ASPIRATIONS
OF WOULD-BE USURPERS!



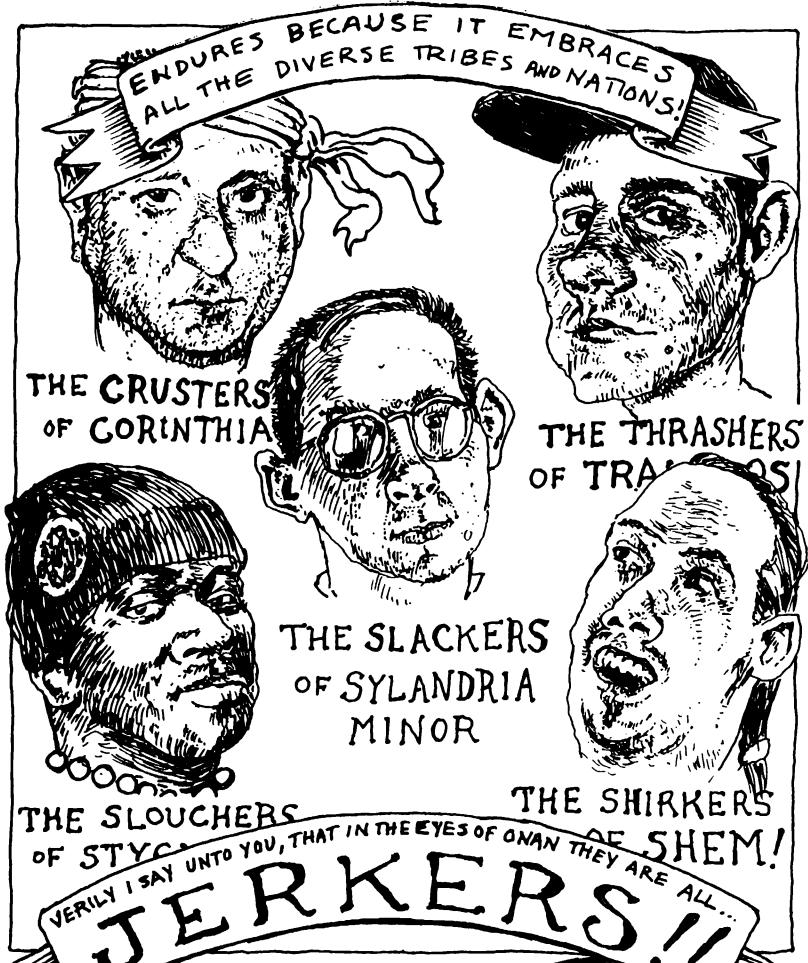
TO ATTAIN PLEASURE WITH-
OUT FEAR OR EFFORT!
SURELY THIS IS TRUE
WISDOM, BY STROM!



NEXT, I WAS HARRIED BY THE WITCHES OF BELILI, SELF-SERVING CIRCES WHO PERCEIVED IN MY MANUSTUPRATIVE MANUSCRIPTS THE DEPECATION OF THEIR AVENGING AVATAR!!



MY NEMESES
HAVE BEEN
UNRELENTING
IN THEIR
CAMPAIGN TO
DESTROY THE
SUPERNAL OPUS
OF ONANISM!
THE BOOKS OF
ASSMASTERS,
HOGTIE AND
TOILET TARTS,
CHOCOLATE DELITES,
BOUND TO PLEASE
AND CORNHOLE,
JUGS & HOOTERS,
BLACK ON BLONDE,
AND STOOLIE
HARD TV, PUDGE
AND RUBBER LIFE,
ALL HAVE BEEN
CAST INTO THE
FLAMES BY MY
TORMENTORS!
AND YET MY
PHILOSOPHY
ENDURES!



MS - Sally

" Maybe
WE
should
get busy
admitting
that all
WE
WOMEN
are is a
bunch of
humid
little
vortexes
and the
only thing
you men
can really
do is dip
in for a
quick

Here, my own. It's time to get all the way to the bottom of the sex question. I sing, as promised, the apotheosis of prurient experience, after *Sex With Animals* and *Sex With Humans*, unless we're going to count sex with the dead. There is a whole world, okay, a whole lunchtime of erotic potential in objects. An Arab voluptuary, friend of a friend, explained it thusly: "For service, a woman. For pleasure, a man. For ecstasy, a melon." Can even greater joy be obtained from something approved by the United Insurance Underwriters, O my beloved? Discovery, even for the timid, is as close as a wall socket and a few free minutes of experimentation. Ms. Perfect will show you how.

First, a confession. When I go on one of these little sexual reconnaissance runs I usually like to take a couple of innocent parties down the toilet with me. But I have to lay off Camille Paglia for a while. Lately I've been having far too much fun wallowing around in her scary ideas. Read the book, for Christ's sake, and I mean the whole thing, not just the first hundred pages that pissed everybody off, so we can quit caviling and get on to more important things (detailed list to follow). Camille doesn't exactly prove everything she says she can, but as we say in the lit. crit. profession, so what. If she wants to romp around spewing insane ideas that nobody can vanquish, I say bully for her. Revolution from within, huh? Well, revolution this: every sensitive bartender in Soho professes to hate Camille's ego trip, but feminism was supposed to improve our pathetic self-image as women, and the minute a chick with no self-doubt starts to riff, we hate her. Susie Bright pegged la Paglia as a butch bottom and told her what she really needs is to be thrown on the floor and fucked.

Well, all right. While they're doing that, maybe we should get busy admitting that all we women are is a bunch of humid little vortexes and the only thing you men can really do is dip in for a quick visit and then run like hell. Maybe, on the other hand, we should get up on our hind legs and tell you all that you're a bunch of candy-assed little saps. The faster you run from Mommy, the sooner you crash into her arms and go reeling into that wall of guilt you started building during your cavalier college years. Refute her on your own time, pal. I need something from you. Ooooh, a demand! I'm so sorry! Oh God, honey, I didn't mean it! The blaze of Apollonian light sparking from my forehead like Reddy Kilowatt's cartoon electric shock is a recent addition to my physiognomy, thanks to my decision to Get The Job Done myself. Lack of available talent makes a fine reason to start fucking around with gadgets, but I did it in the name of science. And for you.

My S&M proclivities being limited pretty much to administering and receiving mental torture, I prefer to assess the tweedling abilities of appliances in completely pleasure-oriented fashion. My testing m.o. was simply to climb on the object in question and watch the clock. I sampled the fol-

Sex With

PERFECT

Eckhoff

lowing readily available entertainments: plastic vibrator, standard issue, two 'D' batteries; travel-sized version of the foregoing; "personal massager" of the ball-and-wand configuration; stainless steel Osterizer Swedish Massager that straps to the back of your hand; shower massager, hand-held (two varieties); motorcycle (Four cylinder, 600 cc Yamaha, factory). Readers who are curious about/loyal to either butt plugs or Hardeys are urged to do their own experimenting; my system is too delicate for that sort of thing.

The heft and weight of a standard sex-shot dildo is promising in the suggestion you make to yourself when you buy it: I fuck myself with this thing, these hands. Palm it; it feels about as exotic as a hard boiled egg. It is so much less texturally inviting. An engagement with a machine should represent the triumph of experience over hope. (The converse is what happens when you get married.) The silent plastic partner is long, full, kinetic. What will it not do?

Nothing wrong with the idea of porking yourself with your own dick. The problem is in the material. Pleasure turns to mercury in your hands is what happens. Five minutes (which is a lot) and counting. I'm totally numb. The beautiful certainty of coming no matter what has dissipated. A teasing rush to the edge, a pulling back, another approach, another retreat, what the hell is this, a relationship? If you go in for strategies like dating the poorest guy you know, buy the smallest vibrator. (I did.) I got a hell of a lot of use out of both of them.

The thing that looks like a ball with a bat attached turned out to be a lot less serviceable. It must have been designed for Martian women. Like your dildoes, it vibrates, but this thing does it with a randomness and vigor that makes it feel like it's hammering your clit like a woodpecker on fire. Nevertheless, it worked in just under four minutes. It represents a series of bizarre design decisions and is terribly awkward to use, but if you've ever fancied having a baseball singing love songs to your crotch, you might as well try this out.

There is a machine that claims it can make a warm, soft hand do the unbelievable things a vibrator does. Slide your mitt into the two metal springs that hold the Osterizer Swedish Massager, and it jiggles like the air scoops on a really blown Camaro, with only a slight reduction in the number of speeds (three). Makes your digits do some wild stuff. Problem is, it weighs a ton, so when you finally get around to coming, you can't keep its considerable weight from terrorizing you in your most delicate gear. As a result, in the midst of this really interesting orgasm you realize that about half of what you're feeling is pain. The way the coils try to rip out handfuls of my lovely mauve Ms. Perfect pubic hair is not nice. Wrapping a scarf around them works for a couple of minutes, but after they start to slip you might as well be jerking off with an Epilady.

visit and
then run
like hell.
Maybe,
on the
other
hand, we
should
get up on
our hind
legs and
tell you
all that
you're a
bunch of
candy-
assed
little
saps."

Machines

"Lack of available talent makes a fine reason to start fucking around with gadgets, but I did it in the name of science. And for you."

Sweaty but not excited. This is what Ms. Perfect's financial problems do to her. She thinks she is entitled to more than this paltry compromise between her flaming lust and the piss-poor mock-potency of the world of technology. At the risk of seeming horribly repressed for not being able to tirelessly paean self-abuse, I have to say that it can be a gloomy little chore in the absence of anything less than a divinely inspired salacious brainstorm. You can achieve almost instant satisfaction with a pulsating shower head, even if it's one of those days when you do it simply because it's sticking out from the wall mocking you. The cheaper ones squirt too thin and fast and the only way you can really tell you're coming is you suddenly sense you can't stand up. The really pricey model is worth the extra expenditure. The slow speed is like being licked vigorously by a couple of parrots. Ever seen parrots' tongues? They crack nuts with them. Get out of here.

I'd trade my silk purse for your sow's ear any time. I believe in therapy but I know enough to not go around buying myself flowers and telling people it means somebody loves me. To hell with the lifelong job of learning to think of the cunt as a lovely little object, on the order of a cloisonné earring cache. I want something between my legs that snorts and gives people third-degree burns. For my green, the rice rocket is the only vibrator that does something other than make you wonder why the hell you've locked your bedroom door in the middle of the afternoon so you can stick your legs in the air. The quiet obedience of the Yamaha's ignition - and its patient rumble - are tonic. Its silhouette is choice. Makes me feel like a man-eating supervixen. I no longer notice my rivals' new haircuts, or whether they put on their lipstick with a brush, because I don't care.

The apparatus built for pleasure, the one that really winds Ms. Perfect's clock since she's off girls this year, has none of the design flaws of the aforementioned gizmos. It makes no unseemly buzzing noises and you do not need a special license to operate it. Leather gear and chain lube are optional. The thing I have in mind has the approved cylindrical form to which has been thoughtfully affixed a softish bumper on one end. From its delicate slipcover to the anatomically correct curve of its barrel, this everyday appurtenance is just the thing I lunge for when I crave that sensation that mimics shattering bottles, ripping fabric, hay barns on fire, the bliss of freshly minted pancakes dropped in snow, or grapefruit mercilessly cleaved with ten-ton Ginsu knives. I refer, of course, to the human dick. If it weren't for these, Ms. Perfect and her friends would be getting very bored and lonely.

Aren't you happy to know that we're doing all right? I'm glad the guy with the melon got what he was after. We should all be so sure of what we want. After all of this well-intentioned research, I am still pawing through the manifestations and consequences of my auto-complaints, and being pawed in turn. I would like to find satisfaction without feeling compelled to press my raw libido in a bed of cracked ice like a cherrystone. The right vehicle, I believe, will get me there. Whatever the damn thing is, one more payment, my dears, and it's mine.

THE
G. SUSS

FIREMANS

BALL

HEY, HAVE YA EVER BEEN CALLED BY ONE OF THOSE OBNOXIOUS "FIREMEN FUND DRIVES?" THEY "OFFER" TICKETS TO THEIR ANNUAL "GALA" FOR A MERE \$12,000 APIECE OR SO, AND THEN GET PISSED OFF WHEN YOU SAY "NO." AL SHURM WAS REAL GOOD AT PUTTIN' ON THE "HARD SELL", BUT THEN, ONE DAY...

NOW LOOK HERE, I JUST TOLD YOU NO! IVE GOT SUPPER ON THE TABLE AND IT'S GETTING COLD, SO PLEASE, SIR, IM SORRY BUT, BUT WE SIMPLY CAN'T AFFORD TO...



Whither Goest Thou

While some people spend their days cleaning gutters, suing large corporations, drilling holes in teeth or shaping small bits of plastic, a small group of humans - mainly English speaking - strap on electric guitars and use them to write rock and roll songs.



A few of that group are lucky enough to make a living at it. They appear in videos, play their music real loud in clubs, halls and stadiums, ride around in limos and tour busses. All of this is rarely dependent on actual talent. Women want to fuck them, men want to buy them drinks. Sometimes the women want to buy the drinks, and the men want to fuck them.

These musicians may be angels, or they may be flaming miscreants; when you're famous - and that's what counts - the dividing line becomes harder and harder to see.

Where is all this leading?

To one of the lucky ones, a guy named Paul Westerberg.

Late of the Replacements, to some a band that was the last hope of confused-middle-class-white-boy-rock, imbued with the soul of Dylan and the heart of Cheap Trick (or was it the other way around?). To others a pathetic waste of good booze, a band as intent on ignoring its promise as it was ultimately self-destructive. 14 Songs is the frontman's solo debut, a mixed bag of earnest, sensitive ballads and earnest, sensitive shit-rock.

The man has a rep as song-crafting genius, reclusive loner, or complete asshole, depending on who you talk to. Catch the right person, and Westerberg just might come off as all three. He's famous, remember.

In Minneapolis a few weeks ago, he was simply - and thankfully - a nice guy to have lunch with. What went into his mouth was a fiery chicken sandwich and two diet cokes. Here's some of what came out:

WESTERBERG?

by Peter Gilstrap

FAN REACTIONS

REPORTERS

FAVE SONGS

MUSIC THAT GROWS ON YA

WRITING A LOT

CHANGES TO ACCOMMODATE SUCCESS

EVER WRITE SHORT STORIES? CHILDREN'S BOOKS?

"**M**y end of the stick is I lay this junk out in songs for complete strangers and then they'll come up to me like they know me. And that's the weird thing."

"**I** figure, other than the songs there's nothing for me to say. Listen to the tunes and figure it out."

"**I**t does change, there are nights when I want to hear just the rockers and then other times when I want the ballads. I think "Runaway Wind" is a great song. I like "World Class Fad" and "Silver Naked Ladies." It could be "Runaway Wind" for the second one or "First Glimmer," that's fine with me."

"**I** think that's a good sign, I've always thought a great record, or one that you're going to love for a long time, takes a while to sink in. I just bought the Waterboys record and at first it was like 'ok, what's going on here,' by the time I listened to it the second time I immediately liked three songs and then I liked four. It has that vibe where sooner or later you're going to like all of these songs. Sooner or later."

"**C**ompared to someone who doesn't write at all. I guess I do. I actually started to write something last night which was good because there was no reason to do it; it's not like I need a song. I generally start because out of just the want or the need to write a tune, knowing in the back of my mind there's a record coming down and I'll be needing some tunes.

"I started this stuff two years ago before I was seriously thinking this would be my debut record, and then the "Singles" thing sort of broke it up after six months. Coming back from that it was so obvious 'ok, now I'm going to make a record,' and I started looking over these songs I'd written, re-working them or throwing them away and starting new ones."

"**I**'m concerned enough about it to where I'll come and do interviews when I don't want to, and I'll do a bunch of takes for a video when I don't want to when five years ago I would have just said get out of my face, I'm done.

"I've sort of adopted the philosophy of envisioning the target, pulling back the bow and letting the arrow fly without watching where it lands. Whatever happens to it, fine. If it goes big, great. If it flops, I'll be upset because I really tried and I think it's damn good.

"But I want to give it a fair chance; I felt like if I blew off all these interviews and didn't do a video and it failed, who is there to blame but me?"

"**N**ah, I write children's songs. I will occasionally sit down and write and not really specify what I'm doing: is this a letter to no one, or a story or a song? I'll put it away and pull it out a year later and use a line.

"I'm not a writer. I can certainly not finish something. Lot of times I leave them eighty percent done until it's recorded so I can at least have something to create. So I could start a song now and finish it a year later in the studio. It doesn't bother me."

GOING OUT, OR NOT, AS U AGE

OLD DAYS PRODUCTION

SONG CRAFTING LIKE CARVER, BUK, O'CONNOR

"When we were twenty-four, it was like, how dare a guy thirty come to one of our gigs. Get a life. Now I've been away from the scene for three or four years and I'll go out and see the same guys who used to come and see me. Some people think, 'well, I haven't changed a bit so that's good.' To me, that's the biggest crime you could ever commit. If you haven't changed you should be ashamed of yourself."

"I think we worked with good producers each time, and the problem was whenever a producer was brought in, instead of warming up and helping him, we stood back and said 'ok, produce us. See if you can.' It worked against us a lot. Halfway through the record we realized 'this is our record, we've got to get into this and do what we do.' Sometimes it's a fight.

"We didn't make it because we didn't work hard enough. You could list a hundred reasons, but the bottom line is we didn't go for it hard enough. I look at it like it was meant to be, what it is now. I might not be here doing this record today. It might have been bad news for all of us to become wealthy famous men at twenty-five; I don't think we would have handled it well.

"Someone who's made it will say, 'oh these are the words of a loser, these are the words of a last place guy who's had to find a way to put credence in where he is.' I don't look at it that way. I'm grateful for everything that happened to us, it's built me to this point where I'm fairly strong. I think a major success back then would have weakened us, made us more fearful. I'm glad it didn't happen.

"If it happens now, I'm into it.

"I mean, I don't want people coming up to me and totally bothering me, but it's like, why should I worry about that - if it happens it happens. It's nothing to be afraid of, but I was afraid of it. There was a thing in the group where we wanted success but we didn't want to give away our street credibility."

"I'd say Flannery O'Connor would be my favorite of those three, I am a fan of short stories and the economy of one sentence that says so much. That's the craft, the gift of a great writer to put all of the lyrical vision into one simply worded sentence. And I think in the past my lyrics have been confusing - there's confusing stuff on this one - but I'm trying to make them more simple. To accomplish more in one sentence.

"People don't realize I'll throw a line in just for me or because it feels good and there is a meaning there that isn't evident to everyone. It's like if two lines are about looking at this car and the third line is about my childhood, people don't immediately understand even though it makes sense to me.

"I think the craft and the goal - if there is one - is to make yourself understood. I don't want to challenge the listener but then again if I make you think a little . . . whoever said fifty percent of what I write is crap so you can understand the other fifty percent, there's truth to that. I'll lay some things out in silly black and white, and other things you can chew on.

"It's an interesting thing about crafting songs because you keep crafting too long and you can put a 'p' on the end. That's what I'm into now, it's like, 'where do we stop?'"

TV IS FUCKED

OUTGROWING ROCK

GUITARS

ALL SHOOK DOWN

REPLACEMENTS QUESTION

DID THE REPLACEMENTS NOT MAKE IT ON PURPOSE?

"I think about it a lot. I didn't have a television for about three months when I moved into this place and I got one and I felt like I sold myself down the river. For the first two weeks I was totally nuts, and suddenly I found myself not even wanting it.

"I was reading and listening to music and doing things and creating and imagining and dreaming, and I got the thing and it gets to the point where I'll sit there all night long clicking it. On the way over here on the radio I heard soon they're going to have 500 channels available? It's the death of civilization, everyone will be on TV!"

"I'm a fan of rock and roll and I'll love it till I'm an old man. I do love it. I don't love the extraneous crap that comes with it or the fact that it means you have to be dressed up in a bar, twenty-two years old, fucked up on drugs.

"I always did like the sound of a guitar. That rhythm, I'll always like that.

"It depends what I'll be doing. "Runaway Wind," I don't think that would be unbecoming for a fifty year old man to sing. "Down Love," I'm not sure if a thirty-three year old man is gonna look too good playing it. And I don't care.

"It's that difference between fashion and style; you can always have style, you don't have to be in fashion to have style.

"Nothing sadder than seeing someone trying to dress up like they're ten years younger trying to fit in. Just be who you are, you'll be in style in two years."

"It's a hunk of wood with wires. Nothing is more boring to me than a guy who polishes a guitar and treats it like a human being. Talking guitars with a guy is like talking computers. It's like, I got a big red loud one, all right?"

"It was the best I could do at the time. It was a good batch of tunes, but it wasn't very uplifting, though who says music has to be uplifting. As time passes I think it will be more apparent what the record was and you'll see it in the history of the records I was involved in.

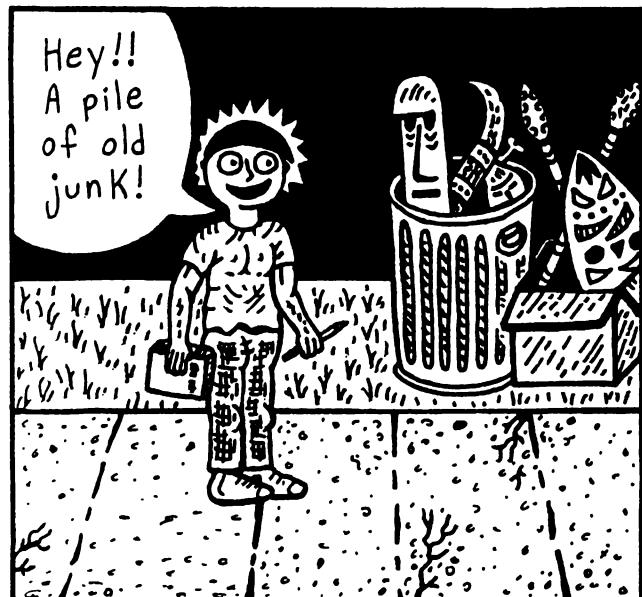
"It chronicles the breakup of the group and the falling apart of my life, and it wasn't like I was determined to let the world know about it, but I was consumed with it; I couldn't have written a happy go lucky tune. I might have tried but it didn't ring true.

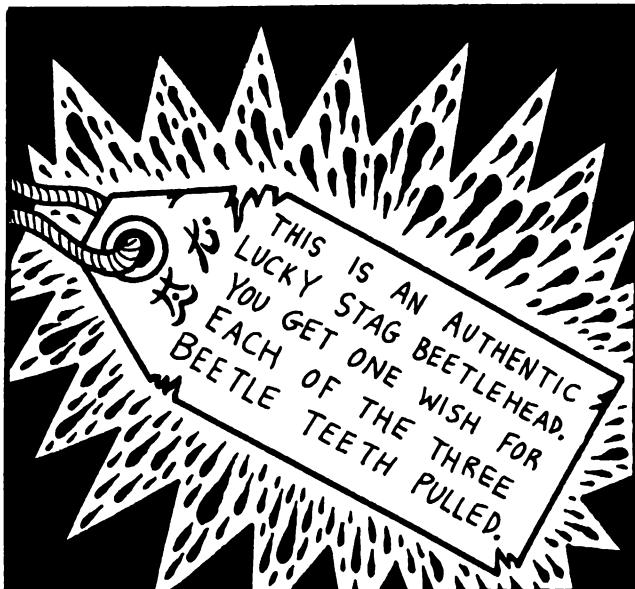
"This one [new record] is the same thing, what I was feeling, and that old feeling is past. That defeatist fear that came to a head at the time of All Shook Down was gone by the time the band broke up."

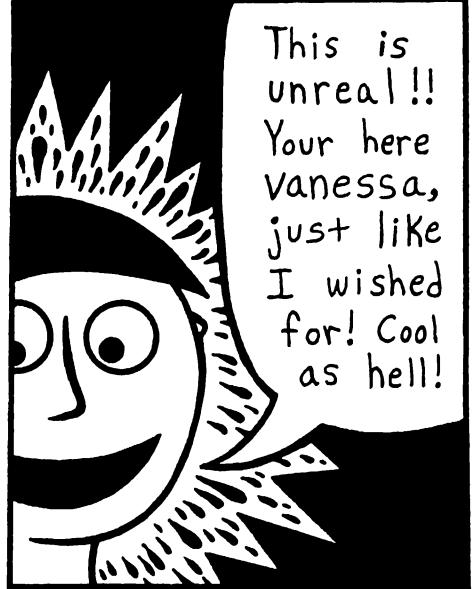
"You can ask a couple if you want; I might not answer."

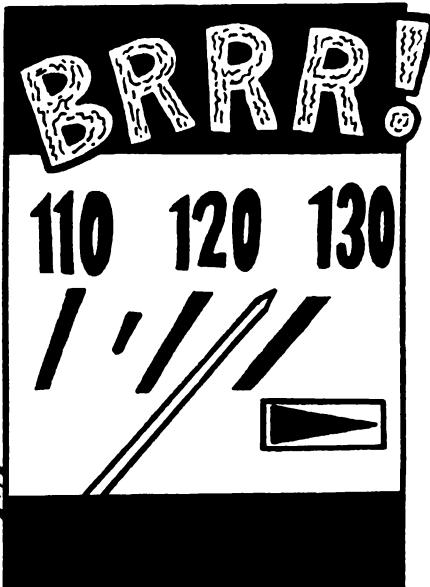
"Sure, there was a shred of truth to that. I take full responsibility and full blame for whatever happened or didn't happen. I think during the course of the band it was easy for us to find scapegoats and point fingers at the record company or other bands or the fans and that's all crap."

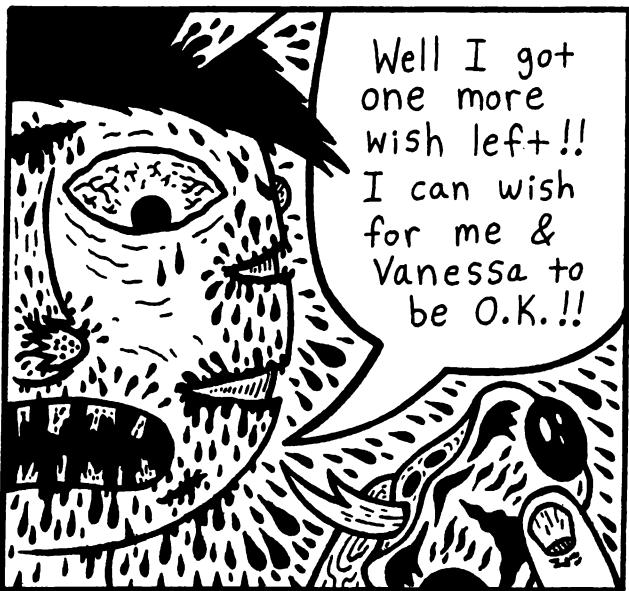
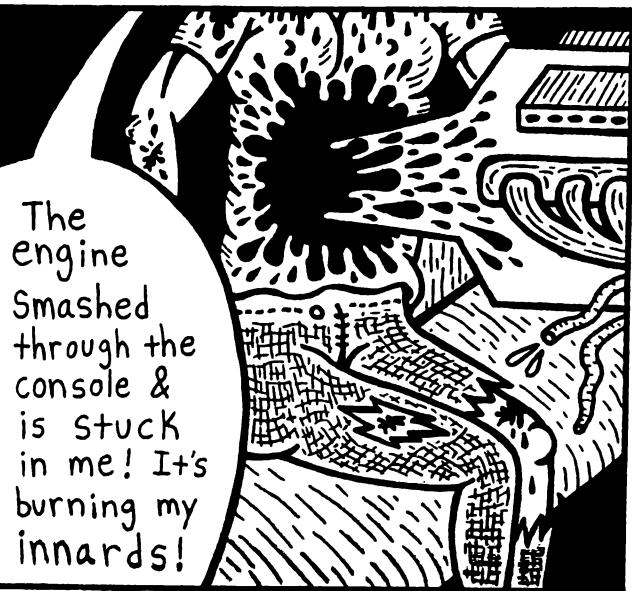
OF THE LUCKY STAG BEETLEHEAD







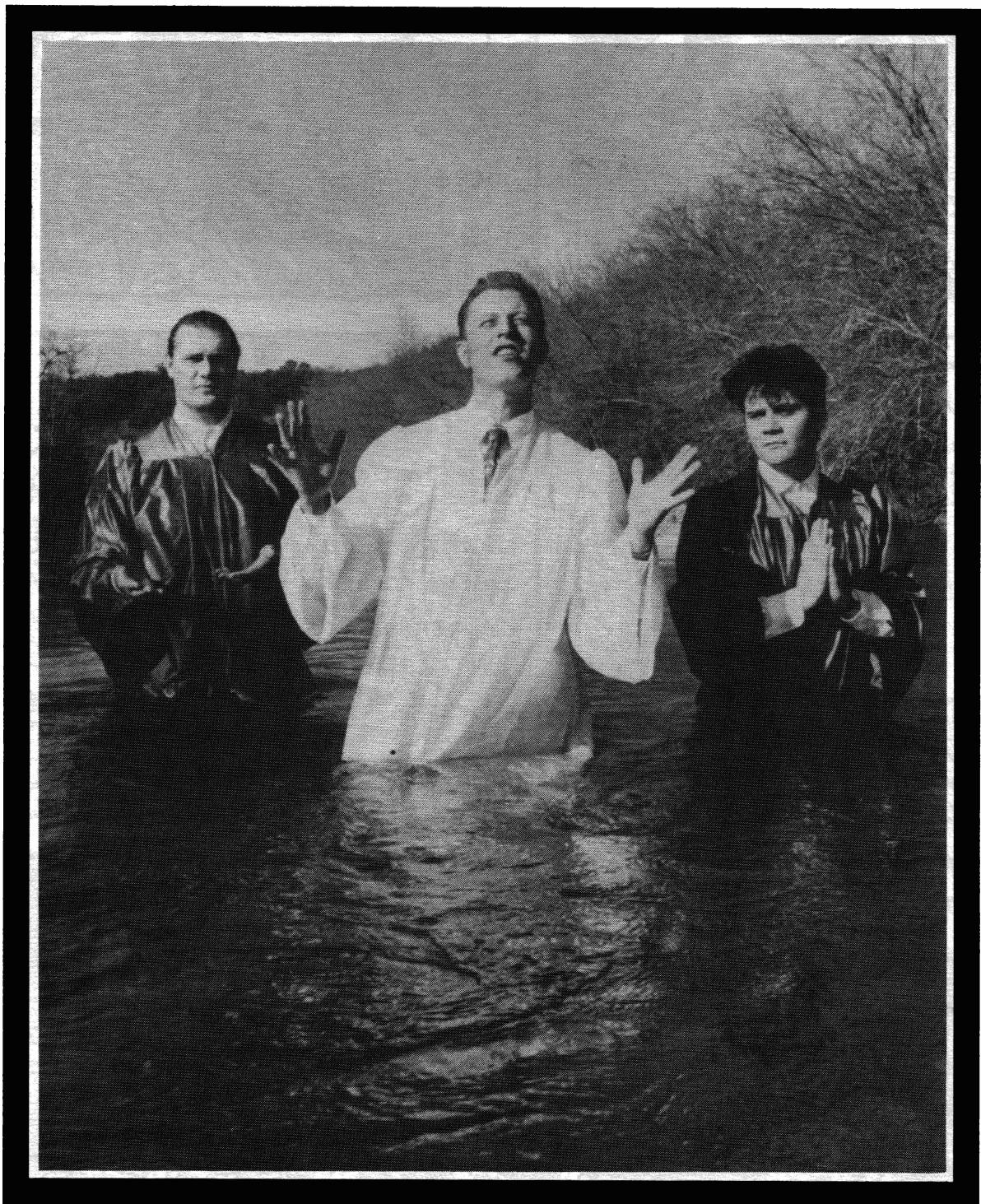






A Talk With A Reluctant REVEREND

Taking The HEAT:



by Dom Salemi and Steve Jeffries

When informed that the most opportune time to talk to wildman rootsabilly rocker, Rev. Horton Heat was around two-thirty in the morning on a weekend since by then he would most likely be drunk out of his mind and none too concerned about minding his p's and q's, we could barely suppress our glee. That was because we felt it was also the best time to talk to us ("us" being the brains behind Brutarian). At two-thirty on the AM side of either Friday or Saturday neither Jim, Steve nor I are even close to sober, not even within shouting distance of coherency. To be totally honest, we usually stop talking to each other well before three as each of us are slurring our words so badly that civilized discourse is, hell, even profane oaths are, well beyond our ken. But of course this is the time we like to do interviews. We love being surprised several weeks later when we play the tape and discover that our interviewee had not only hung up on us but had actually tried to respond in some meaningful way.

Unfortunately, Rev. Heat saves his manful best for the girls - yes, that's right plural, as in betcha can't eat just one - and so we had to talk to him on a Thursday afternoon from our fabulously appointed penthouse suite in the law firm of Pandemonium, Gehenna & Chaos. I say "unfortunately," not because we couldn't drink during the interview, as full partners in a notoriously successful ambulance chasing legal corporation we have absolute license to do anything we wish. It's just that, well, let's face it, two in the afternoon is simply not the same as two in the morning. The magic isn't in the air. The mystery isn't in the room. The people with whom you are conversing are invariably hopelessly sober.

As was Heat who turned out to be a rather low-key, charming kind of guy. Nothing like his press releases which had limned him as some kind of federal misfit, an insane Texas hillbilly mix of Hasil Adkins & Jimmy Swaggert. And while we weren't exactly disappointed, we were somewhat taken aback. We were keyed for a surreal outbreak of faux hostility. We were ready for manly exchanges of rodomontade. To swap childish insults. Instead we were forced to be intelligent, cogent and articulate. We hate when that happens. If we wanted to be that kind of person we would never have become lawyers. But then we wouldn't have fully-stocked Carrara marble bars and sunken bathtubs in our so-called offices.

BRUT: We'd rather have called you on the weekend in a more fully intoxicated state but we realize your weekends are precious to you so . . .

REV: To me, every night is Saturday night.

BRUT: You know the rock critics ask you all sorts of moronic questions but what discerning readers and inquiring minds really want to know about you is not "What is the Rev really like?" or "Does that chick in the Cramps wear panties under those short skirts?" but (and Brutarian readers have deluged us with letters on this point) simply this: You seem pretty cool, what kind of car do you drive?

REV: A 1950 Ford 2-Door Custom.

BRUT: Custom as in customized?

REV: It's kind of a mild custom thing. It had to have the floorboard redone to lower the car. It's been lowered.

BRUT: Channeled?

REV: No, I might do that someday in the future. You can't have everything. Right now it's kind of a low bucks deal. The time factor comes into play here. Actually, I got it to replace women.

BRUT: No! Don't tell us that. We have lots of questions about women for you.

REV: Well . . . I don't know much about cars or women actually. But you can ask me anything as long as it's interesting.

BRUT: Okay, we'll start with our least interesting question so you'll be sure to be terribly impressed with us right from the start. Are there any kind of sexual practices you frown on?

REV: There's a lot of them of course. Having sex with your swingset ranks right up there. That's the lowest . . .

BRUT: HEY! It's not even an animate object. Where's the harm?

REV: . . . if you have one of those hurricane fences and the neighbors are out there having a little barbecue and there you go fucking the swingset . . . Sweet Jesus can you imagine the horrified looks?

BRUT: It's too late for us to use the REV moniker now and besides we kind of like ESQ better but does it work with the chicks like it does for Swaggert and did for Koresh?

REV: Yeah, it's been working pretty good for any ugly guy like me. I've been able to hang around with some of the hottest, most exotic women in the world I must say. A propos of nothing, I'd just thought I'd add that the Finnish don't call me Rev just . . . THE COOL CAT.

BRUT: Are you a fan of the Rev Tilton?

REV: Yes sir. That's just good old fashioned entertainment. Unlike a Dr. Gene Scott who is just so blatant, so obvious. Still, for all of 'em, it's a great way to make money, isn't it? Probably THE best way outside of drug dealing. Have you seen this guy Benny Hein? He just blows on people and they fall over. Sometimes he merely moves a hand and the whole crowd will topple. He's from Texas where they have a long standing tradition of God, guns and . . .

BRUT: GUNS!

REV: (laughs) . . . yeah, guns. But speaking of Revs what about this Koresh thing? Can you get any more white trash than this guy?

BRUT: Not much lower in our estimation.

REV: God, he let the law crush his half-bondoed Camaro and he didn't do anything about it. Horrible! I'll tell you what, once they set my compound on fire, I would have come out fighting. Not just sat down hunkering inside. Where was his pride?

BRUT: We like your attitude toward drinking. Bogart once said he could never trust a man who didn't drink. Would you agree with that?

REV: How could you not?

BRUT: Well how will we know when you're in town so we can all go out drinking?

REV: By my car. It's baby turquoise with a white interior. And

flames. It's kind of an elegant, mild custom car. It's got shaved door handles and it's been dechromed. Got white whites with baby moons and wheels painted the same color as the car . . . A big shoebox . . . A shoebox Ford is what they called it. My car. It just keeps getting prettier and prettier.

BRUT: We've got one other question and it's a two-parter. It's from Dom's wife. She's a real big fan. She's interested in getting a tattoo and she wanted to ask you: What's a nice, slutty design for a professional chick like herself?

REV: (chuckles) Ah hah, one of those sailor Jerry girls would be nice. A nautical motif is always a nice touch.

BRUT: Second part: Where should she put it?

REV: Oh, I see where you're going with this. Tell her to get the Mattel trademark put right on her butt just like a barbie doll.

BRUT: That's great. She really digs barbie dolls. Plus she likes to burn them.

REV: And don't forget the copyright or trademark symbol. That little "R" in the circle placed right next to Mattel. Only smaller of course.

BRUT: Any commandments we should be breaking but may not be?

REV: Well, let me tell ya a little secret: I'm kind of tired of this whole religious shebang.

BRUT: Good. We were wondering how long we were going to have to ask you mock-religious questions before you got pissed off.

REV: I mean if I have to get in another goddamn pool of water I'm just gonna give up.

BRUT: Ahhh, it's good schtick.

REV: Yeah, but people come to our shows and they're out there in the crowd yelling, "Rev, Rev, heal

us!" And all I have the energy for is to say, "Have some holy water," and then just pour my drink on 'em. You know if this interview was being conducted in person and you asked me to heal you, I'd pour my beer on you.

BRUT: That'd be fine just as long as you poured it down our throats. But we don't need healing so we wouldn't ask you something so moronic.

REV: Now don't get me wrong. I'll never get tired of the old conflict between good and evil and the religious aspect and religious criticism of rock & roll. The REV thing is a sense of humor thing, a fun thing; that's all it is. And in a way it's kind of a comment on religion itself and the people who sometimes blindly give themselves to it. The British press however is the worst about it because they're essentially sensationalist. There are a few good British music critics but by and large most of 'em use flowery language and employ a backwoods revivalist angle when writing about us or asking questions of us. I just get sick of that shit.

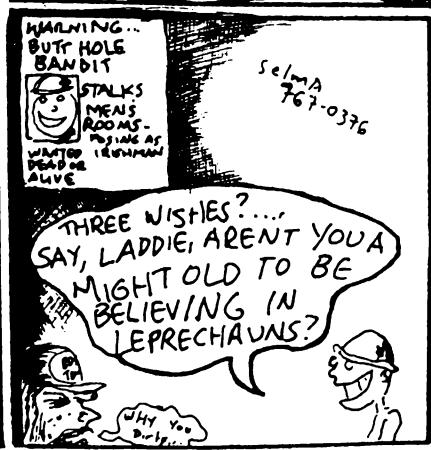
BRUT: They just don't get the point that rock & roll is supposed to be fun and that you're having a good time.

REV: Right, to a major extent and besides, when you get right down to it there's only so much sinning one man can do so let's get off the phoney or fallen, etc., minister thing and get on to something else.

BRUT: Well all we have left is phoney, fallen minister questions so I guess we gotta go . . .

REV: Alright, then let me leave you with some advice. If you're at an all ages show drink gin and tonics. The tonic glows real cool under a black light and the gin looks like water so no one will suspect that you're drinking alcohol. Just remember to bring yourself a little flask and put it on the inside of your boot and you're all set.

IN A MEN'S ROOM IN INDIANA



CELLULOID VOID



danny Hellman

Rikki-O

(d) unknown (1992)

Already a *success de scandale* in the psychotronic demimonde, it's only a matter of time before *Rikki-O*, with its mindlessly graphic violence, outrageous excess and cartoon-like characters achieves legendary status in the twilight couch potato kingdom. However, unlike the films of John Woo, current demi-god of Oriental cinema, it's doubtful that this gallimaufry will ever become a *success d'estime* as it possesses no socially or aesthetically redeeming value whatsoever, which is fine with me since I love flicks that possess no redeeming value. Moreover, I think that anyone tired of the witless, carbon-copy action-adventure pictures churned out by the Hollywood grist mill will flip their wig over a virtually plotless movie featuring kung-fu fighting, monsters, inventive torture, dismemberment, eye gouging, evisceration and a host of other depravities and depredations.

Set in a prison, run as are all former government institutions in the year 2001, by a private concern, *Rikki-O* charts the struggles of its titular character in a hellhole so brutal that it makes Devil's Island look like Disneyland. Like most businesses run by huge multi-national corporations, this correctional facility has a figure-head at its helm: a vicious, one-eyed, obese, hook-wielding monster. The guys actually in charge of the hoosegow though are a depraved gang of inmates and martial artists known only as, get this, the Gang of Four. Rikki is a martial artist himself - a wondrous one, he can make men bleed merely from the force of his punches - but unlike the members of the foul Four, he is an honorable man, which is, of course, an insult, not only to the Gang but to the prison owners, an insult moreover, which cannot be borne. So it is decided that Rikki must be dispatched, especially after he stumbles upon the prison's opium crop.

But not expeditiously. First he must suffer the tortures of the damned. In all manner of diverse ways.

Don't ask me why Rikki isn't sent to meet his maker by having one of the guards put a bullet through his head. The ways of the Orient shall forever remain a mystery to the roundeye. This one anyway. Besides, if Rikki was merely gunned down in his cell you'd miss the joy of watching the plucky little guy manfully battle some of the fiercest and deadliest villains ever to disgrace the screen. Like the Elephant, a five-hundred pound tub of goo who squashes people for a couple of dozen candy bars. Or an even larger member of the gruesome gang, a submoron who can squash your head like a rotten grapefruit merely by smacking you on the temples. Come to think of it, a lot of innocents get squashed in this movie. That's how strong and vile the bad guys are.

Again, Rikki is not the only one who is made to suffer. This is a film set in a prison. So you're going to see all manner of beatings and tortures. But not with such mundane implements as leather straps and steel rods. That's boring. So jejune. It takes too long to get the blood really flowing. And it rarely results in extreme disfigurement.

I know I sound crass and possibly a little psychotic but trust me here, *Rikki-O* is a film that literally gets down on its hands and knees and "begs" not to be taken seriously. What you've got on your hands is a childish celebration of violence. Yes, it's a fete that employs actors rather than animated characters, but it's about as realistic as a Roadrunner cartoon. I love Roadrunner cartoons don't you? I thought so. Well imagine one that's twice as funny and actually shows you what Wile E. Coyote looks like after falling off that cliff and you'll have some idea of the genius at work here.

- Dom Salemi

The Losers

(d) Jack Starret (1970)

Veteran biker movie stars William Smith and Adam Roarke bring their brawn to yet another Joe "King Of The Biker Flicks" Soloman production bidding adieu to the long lonesome highway for the steamy jungles of Cambodia. What are bikers doing in Cambodia? Well, you see, before *The Losers* was released, the biker movie had begun to lose its appeal; after all, most folks at this point had actually seen "real" bikers, if only from a distance, and had found them far less threatening than their counterparts in these movies. Yeah, they had their "hang-outs" and occasionally rode through town, but on the whole, John and Mary Q. Public had more important things to worry about. Something new was needed to breathe life into the dying genre, and what could be more timely than BIKERS AT WAR!

In *The Losers*, the bikers are saddled with Riceburners rather than their usual chopped Harleys and placed on the side of "The Establishment" (sort of). Like Vietnam War draftees, these guys too seem out of place in their new surroundings. Hired by the CIA to spring a government official from the deadly clutches of the Viet Cong, our heros put their lives on the line for the Red, White and Blue only to find themselves betrayed in the end by self-serving politicos. What a surprise.

Like almost all biker movies, we're shown the human side of our rough riders, even more so here. Witness the "touching" sequence in which Roarke gives a deformed child a ride on his bike just to bring some sunshine into this kid's otherwise pitiful existence. Whadda guy! And one of these gents even falls in love. Yes, with a woman. A woman with all her teeth.

The first half of the film is somewhat uneventful. We're introduced to each character - one of whom is a likeable racist - and get to watch them drink enormous quantities of beer and fall over. We also get to watch the bikers working on their aluminum horses to make them combat ready. This prep job includes outfitting the jap junk with armor plate shielding, fitting them with machine guns and constructing the ultimate weapon: a three-wheeled "death machine."

After this galvanizing buildup, we get to the "real" action, action involv-

ing lots of squibs and death-defying stunts. Jumping their bikes over huts as they drop grenades, popping wheelies to shoot the Cong down from towers, these losers just don't know when to quit. Until they are killed. Then they stop.

The extremely downbeat ending probably flared more than a few nostrils back then, and believe it or not, it remains somewhat powerful today. If you've seen only one biker movie, you shouldn't be reading *Brutarian*, but if you've exhausted your appetite for the genre, *The Losers* is a must. Here's why: the hippie-dippie shit is kept to a minimum, the acting and photography are better than average and the film embodies camp surrealism at its finest. This was the last "real" biker flick and "real" men will get a kick out of watching guys who on their worst day could knock Arnold Van Damme Whomever's dick in the dirt.

- Brian Johnson

Evil Dead Trap

(d) unknown (1992)

The folks at Miami Video Search have taken it upon themselves to inform us, in a short preface affixed to this horror feature, that the literal translation of the Japanese characters comprising the title is *The Formation Of A Dead Ghost*. Which doesn't make much sense, I grant you, since ghosts are spirits of the dead. Yet the American alternative title, if you even want to stop and think about it, is just as preposterous. Just what the hell is an "evil dead trap" anyway? And how does it differ from an, oh, let's say, "benign dead trap"? For that matter, what the fuck's a "dead trap"?

Alright, forget about it. Let's turn to the film. *Evil Dead Trap* opens in a television newsroom with the delivery of a nondescript brown package to a beautiful broadcaster named Nami. Inside the parcel is a videotape containing footage in which a woman bearing a remarkable resemblance to our heroine is tortured, mutilated and then killed. What's even more disturbing is that the makers of the video have filmed the entire route from the television station to the gates of the murder site. Intrigued, Nami takes a crew with her out to the scene of the crime which turns out to be, yes, of course,

a large abandoned factory at the edge of town. Now you know what happens next. The inevitable: Nami's crew begins to get knocked off in all manner of inventively grisly ways, and before she can say "Sayonara" to any of her friends, our resourceful reporter finds herself all by her lonesome.

With an inordinate amount of running time remaining and nobody left to kill, except of course Nami, the murderer reveals himself to be a man who enjoys talking to what appears to be his dead mom. Does he have an Oedipal complex? Is he suffering from multiple personality syndrome? Is this a stupid question to ask while watching a Japanese horror movie when everybody knows that all Japanese films of this ilk have at least one monster in them and since we know that Nami isn't a monster it must be this weird guy who talks to himself?

The producers of this terribly shallow but undeniably entertaining bit of gory sleaze have obviously watched a lot of Dario Argento (and studied the soundtracks to the maestro's films - much of the music here sounds like ersatz Goblin). And from Argento they've learned the art of fashioning streamlined shock machines: heavy on foreboding atmosphere and inventive mayhem, light on meaningful story, coherent plot and fully developed characters. In other words, all spectacle and no substance.

You will note that I used the word "spectacle" in place of "style." This is because any film critic or aesthetician worth his salt will tell you that you simply cannot have style without substance. That effectiveness of assertion is the alpha and omega of style. And so it follows, as the night the day, that one who has nothing to assert has no "style" and can have none.

Which does not mean that you cannot take pleasure in spectacle. This is the reason you and I love trashy films: They make no demands on us. They ask only that we: "Watch!" And we in turn, say to them: "Yes! Please! Give us something to watch. Something novel. Something amazing." Sure, we're asking for the simplest of pleasures but simple pleasures, as we all know, are the last refuge of the complex. *Evil Dead Trap* is a work of almost pure spectacle made by simpletons. Only a simpleton would fail to derive pleasure from it. And because we are Brutarians, we cannot help but be pleased by the preposterous.

- Dom Salemi

The Brainiac

(d) Chano Urveta (1961)

The "Hispanic Horrors" have been receiving much fawning underground press of late and deservedly so. Do believe the hype; these films are unlike any produced in English-speaking countries.

One of the most frequently aired (and most freaky) of Mexican offerings is *The Brainiac* starring its producer Abel Salazar, German Robles and Rene Cardon, a triumvirate who, between them, are associated with the majority of the Spanish-translated-into-English horror titles on late show library shelves. This is a movie that may look cheesy today - which isn't necessarily a knock - but probably scared the piss out of kids in the early sixties. Either way, it's quite memorable.

Baron Batallas (Salazar) wears a cocky sneer Billy Idol can only dream of possessing as he listens to a rather lengthy list of charges brought against him by the hooded religious fanatics of the 1661 Inquisition. In fact, rather than being intimidated or remorseful, Batallas appears to be quite amused,

especially when his accusers recount his sexual "sins."

Sentenced to burn at the stake, the Baron looks skyward at a drawing of a motionless comet and vows to return when the shooting star next passes Earth, at which time he will kill every one of his prosecutors' descendants. (The Baron identifies the men with his x-ray vision. He also has a literally hypnotic stare and the ability to turn invisible.)

Sure enough, Batallas and the comet are back on the scene in 1961. Baron B. has opted for a somewhat unusual method of dispatching the accursed offspring: he's going to suck their brains out. Before he can do so, he must temporarily change into a demonic beast with a palpitating face and eight-inch forked tongue.

The nobleman throws a party, inviting the descendants he intends to skull-slurp. His accusers apparently were the earliest known practitioners of Zero Population Growth, as after three centuries, there is only one relative per man!

Batallas methodically eliminates his enemies via the gray matter gulp throughout the course of the seventy-

five minute feature. When not huffing heads, the Baron snacks on a large chalice of brain tissue he keeps locked in a cabinet. As per the formula, Batallas meets his fate when he goes after the female half of the lead couple, she of the breasts-like-'52-Caddy-bumper-guards physique.

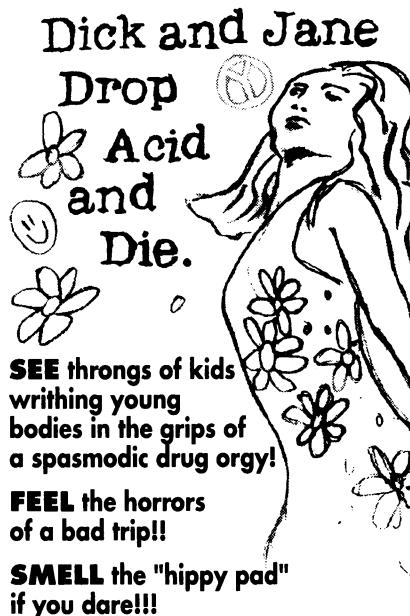
Outdoor shots that are obviously anything but; a dopey cop employed for comic relief; ridiculous expectations concerning the viewers' willing suspension of disbelief, e.g., We're not supposed to question how the Baron acquired a furnished mansion his first day back on Earth: *The Brainiac* contains plenty of the classic elements sought in a junk film. And that post-transformation creature is remarkable!

Credit director Chano Urveta for making the most out of limited resources and composing a number of extraordinary visual images that will leave a lasting impression (unless, of course, you've had your brain sucked out). If you're curious about these imported horrors but have yet to watch one, this film provides an excellent introduction to the genre.

- Stately Wayne Manor

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The Holy Trinity

(d) Richard Baylor (1992)

Richard Baylor's second video release is another diverse trilogy of short films, this time dealing with the dreary, yet relevant topics of domestic abuse, religious oppression and suicidal schizophrenia. Born of the oft cliched phenomenon of the "Underground" film scene, Baylor continues to develop his own distinctive style through the use of video, his chosen medium. As an American living in self-imposed exile in England, he continues to flourish within an environment of artistic repression much more extreme than in the US. Inevitably, the underground movement in the UK is more often than not successful in getting its works discovered, recognized and appreciated by an audience starved for alternative forms of entertainment. What follows is a short synopsis of Baylor's trilogy:

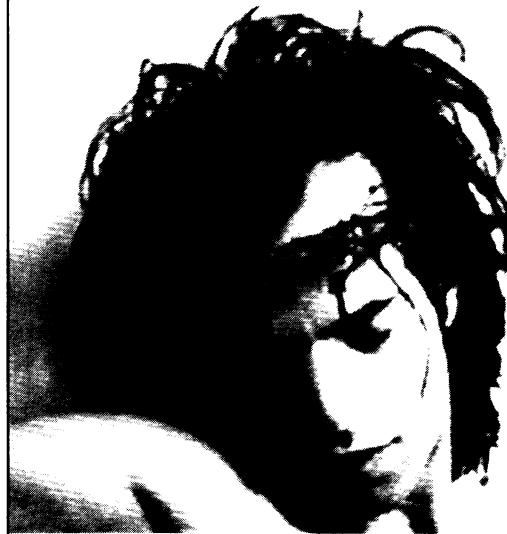
DEAD LOVE - actually one of Baylor's earliest efforts, this short, a graphic look at the "battered wife syndrome," features the filmmaker as an abusive, domineering male who subjugates his mate through verbal and physical intimidation. Although she is warned by a concerned friend to end the relationship, our heroine refuses to do so. Her terror is tempered by attraction. She tries to appease by remaining passive and obedient but the strategy proves futile. When her husband's behavior finally becomes intolerable, she resolves matters in the only way she can.

JESUS HATES YOU - a collage of Christian symbolism is presented in rapid fire style somewhat similar to Nick Zedd's "Whoregasm." This piece deftly shows us that Christianity, and Catholicism in particular, is, in reality, occultic, paganistic, sexually deviant, violent and oppressive. Stark images of the Inquisition, Medieval torture, stigmata, trance-like states, fanatical preachers and Baylor himself as a martyred Jesus, are interspersed with lurid hard core pornography to produce a seamless stream of patently offensive imagery. Baylor forces us to the realization that overzealous, misguided adoration of a deity is as repugnant as fetishistic worship of erogenous zones and, in most instances, the two are practically indistinguishable.

According to Catholic dogma, when nuns take their final vows of chastity, they are actually marrying and sacrificing their virginity to their

THE HOLY TRINITY

BY RICHARD BAYLOR



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spiritual lover - Jesus Christ. A Christ whose body and blood we eat and drink through the sacrament of transubstantiation administered by a priest. Baylor makes a mockery of such principles of faith in a memorable sequence wherein a demure young nun performs graphic oral sex on a priest, an act of complete subjugation to a patriarchal pseudo-deity, Christ's fleshy representative. The spurting of the priest's crimson semen which the nun accepts with silent passivity is thus at once a symbolic ridicule of this "marriage" and the logical consummation of it. Blasphemous, yet compelling.

MY FUNNY VALENTINE - Baylor's most personal work to date lends an intimate perspective on the harsh reality that outward appearances can be deceiving. A beautiful young woman is lovingly filmed during an idyllic day amidst bucolic settings. She seems tranquil and content but in reality, the sad irony is that her lover, the cameraman does not know that she is deeply

troubled. Neither he nor she (nor the viewer) can do anything except witness her tragic and unexpected demise.

Baylor is not an artist for easily outraged sensibilities. Still, he is a daring and inventive filmmaker who is perhaps just beginning to realize what he can do. For those who believe, as Narada once said, that beauty should be convulsive or not at all, Baylor might be the ticket.

- Vic Stanley





Daddy-O

(d) Lou Place (1959)

Is there a cooler nickname than "Daddy-O"? Maybe the moniker "Big Daddy" but that's kind of a literary thing thanks to Tennessee Williams and *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof*. Anyway, like I was saying, there's nothing more boss than getting total strangers to call you "Daddy-O." Although you do run the danger of looking completely ridiculous if you're a truck driver with a name like Phil and you favor wearing your pants well above your navel. And you act like a rock star even though you can't sing and you move like a gibbon on thorazine.

The fabulous and deservedly obscure Dick Contino has the titular role in this unbelievably moronic fifties teen flick. No, his name isn't Phil Daddy-O; this flick isn't *that* stupid (although it's pretty close). It's an alias he's adopted while performing at Bruno VeSota's rock parlor ("Instinct tells me you're just what I need to make the club a success."). Phil has assumed the stage name because he doesn't want Bruno to know that he's the best friend of Sonny ("He was like a brother to me."), a dissident but nerdy young man who was killed by VeSota when he tried the double cross on a drug deal. Of course, the iconoclastic but righteous Daddy-O had no idea that Sonny was a drug dealer. But then Daddy-O is in the dark about a lot of things. Like why a babe named Janet, who like almost all the

girls in L.A., is hot for him, squeezes herself into clothing that a prostitute would find in poor taste. Like why his rockin' back-up group insists on dressing like bell-boys at a cheesy Italian hotel. Like why VeSota's club looks more like a space-age atrium than a rock palace.

Daddy-O entertains because of pop culture solecisms of this kind. The producers were either unwilling or too cheap to do any research and the result is that almost every scene, every line of dialogue contains some outlandish incongruity. A dangerous truck stop is decorated with curtains and college pennants and is frequented by teenagers wearing sweatshirts and button down shirts. Hip kids speak to each other as if they just stepped out of an *Andy Hardy* movie rather than employing anything even remotely resembling fifties' patter. And what are we to make of "rock" songs with lyrics like this: *Just wait'll I get you home/I'm gonna buzz all night/Gonna bold you tight/Like a bee in a honeycomb*. Like, crazy man. Speaking of men, why is it that none of them, and that includes the rebel without a clue, Daddy-O himself, wear leather jackets or t-shirts or sport a d.a.s? In fact, the only thing that remotely recalls the period is John (*Jurassic Park*) Williams' fairly hot, jazzy beat score. He of course went on to bigger and better things. I think it's a safe bet to say that nobody else connected with the terminally unhip *Daddy-O* did the same.

- Dom Salemi

The Weirdo

(d) Andy Milligan (1988)

Girl (with clubfoot): "Do you want some more orange juice?"
Weirdo (weird): "Orange J-juice?"

Girl: "It's only water, but I pretend it's orange juice!"
Weirdo: "That's GOOD orange juice."

Girl: "Did you ever have fresh squeezed orange juice?"
Weirdo: "N-oooo! Did you?"
Girl: "I stole some once from the refrigerator where I live!" (Guf-faws).

Weirdo: (Hysterical giggling and snorting.)

You know, Dom Salemi has never encouraged me to write movie reviews for this magazine. Like I don't know what I'm talking about or something. Like maybe I'm not good enough. So I can't really remember the names of actors or directors. Or the titles of movies. So fucking what? I know what I like. And what I *don't* like. I don't like Doris Wishman movies. You tell me why the fuck should I waste my time watching a bunch of misshapen, monosyllabic dwarves trolling around semi-nude in some meandering "sex" flick when I could be *having sex*. Unbeknownst to most Doris Wishman fans, sex is real. Easy. More fun. And usually free. I like *Star Search*. Nothing breaks me up like the tears of joy cried by some spunky, overweight, little hispanic kid wearing a sombrero as he learns that he has snatched the Best Male Vocalist semi-finals from under the noses of some smug, semi-pro white rap act with his plaintive rendition of a corny mexican love song his grandfather taught him out behind the trailer. This is not real. This is better than real. It's nice. And brave and pure. And it can't be had by you.

The Weirdo is nice too, sort of like *Star Search* in a way, but frankly I'm getting bored with this movie business already and I don't feel like discussing it in any great detail. This is what happens in the movie. The weirdo lives in a shack, wears a green army jacket and roams around in the woods collecting cool, woodsy junk. The weirdo is menaced by thugs who live in the woods. The weirdo meets a beautiful handicapped girl in the woods. They stick together through thick and thin. Brave and pure. The weirdo kills everybody who tries to

harm the beautiful handicapped girl. Annoyed by the weirdo's homicidal behavior, the local villagers beat the weirdo to death with rakes and hoes and then the movie ends.

Anyway, like I said, it's nice, like *Star Search*. Why don't you just rent it.

- Steve Jeffries

Deranged

(d) Alan Ormsby & Jeff Gillen (1974)

Finally, the legitimate release of the sleazy, creepy horror classic which a whole generation of horror filmmakers and fanzine editors have refused to acknowledge as a seminal influence. Unlike *Psycho* and *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, *Deranged* is the only film that comes close to providing us with the nauseating particulars in the long happy life of Wisconsin grave robber, mass murderer and lonesome ghoul, Ed Gein.

And it does so in an intentionally straight-laced style, an approach adding a much needed element of macabre humor to the proceedings. Much needed because the tale of Ed Gein is almost too horrible to bear repeating.

Gein was a homely thirty-nine old virgin who lived in a deteriorating, two-story farmhouse with his devoutly religious and domineering mother. Ed was never really all there but when his mom had the temerity to up and die of a stroke he lost the few marbles left in his possession. Shortly thereafter, maddened by grief, or maybe just finally given free rein, Gein took to grave robbing, removing "appropriate" and "interesting" anatomical parts from the bodies of dead females. Popular accounts find Gein digging up his mother as well but Ed was far more interested in local girls. Eventually the addled Ed got bored with such prosaic pursuits and switched to more adult activities: murder and butchery. And just like that, young girls and middle aged women around Plainfield, Wisconsin began to disappear.

No one suspected Ed, because, well, he was small and unshaven and rather stupid. That was fine with Mr. Gein. He was having all sorts of fun playing with his new friends. When they displeased him he turned them into lampshades. Or table legs. Or a



Deranged

noxious stew. Some of which he would give to his friends claiming it was venison.

Gein was also something of a primitive transsexual. Inspired by Christine Jorgensen but unable to afford the expensive Swedish operation, he used his handyman skills to fashion a vulva pelt, a nipple belt, a breast apron and several masks from the scalps and faces of his victims. Although he incessantly dropped hints about his odious hobbies, the townspeople only caught on after Gein shot and then dressed-out one of his victims in honor of deer season.

Amazingly, Ormsby, who wrote the screenplay, decides to embellish this horrifying tale. He takes the apocryphal account of Gein digging up his mother and then puts a further sickening spin on it by having Ed unearthing other elderly women to keep Mama Gein company. Then Ormsby has Ed hitting on the idea that he can preserve the bodies by skinning freshly murdered girls and using their flesh to refinish mom and her friends. None of this really gets in the way of the essential facts of the case but its kind of creepy watching a screenwriter and director earnestly working to make a sick story even sicker.

Gillen and Ormsby don't help matters any by directing with their respective tongues firmly in cheek. What's

even worse is that they get you to laugh.

There's also an incredibly cheesy feel to the movie. All the interior shots have a muddy brown or rancid yellow tone. What little music is used consists of a single, almost unbearably hackneyed, funereal organ motif. All the actors are dressed like thrift store mannequins and they move and speak with just a wee bit more animation. Outside, a lowering sky. With this as a backdrop, Gein's depravities become comic and a little sad. After all, in a grim village peopled by the dead, what's wrong with dressing up and play-acting with a few corpses?

Finally, we would be remiss in not remarking upon Roberts Blossom's hilarious and chilling performance as Edward Gein, truly one of the most demented achievements in the annals of horror. Yes, critiques are made by fools like me but only poets can fashion such a monstrosity. Gein was, much like Albert Fish, a real-life grandpa munster. Blossom seems to have intuitively understood this. His portrayal is more addled man-child than monster; a rudely-stamped, half-formed adult who, despite his depravity, is able to generate a great deal of sympathy. A Frankenstein with roots in the real.

- Dom Salemi

The Awakenings of the Beast (1968)

The Strange World of Coffin Joe (1968)

Hallucinations of a Deranged Mind (1970)

(d) Jose Mojica Marins

Don't know much about the background of Brazilian writer/director Jose Marins a.k.a. Coffin Joe a.k.a. Ze do Caixao. Don't want to. I've only seen three of his films, four if you count a crummy bootleg of the snazzily titled *At Midnight I'll Incarnate Into Your Corpse* (1963). I don't. I dig the clean, subtitled transfers provided by Something Weird Video. So will you. But really, don't knock yourself out trying to dig up Coffin Joe trivia. Besides paltry coverage in *Psychotronic Video #5* and Phil Hardy's *Encyclopedia of Horror Films*, it's just not out there. Ok, it probably is, but soon enough some anal retentive film zine (no names, now) will tell me more than I ever wanted to know about Marins' camera techniques, shoe size and personal hygiene. Until then, I want to view these evil mind-fucking films with the same delicious (anti) contextual confusion I bring to big-eyed children paintings and Jack Chick tracts.

The Strange World of Coffin Joe and *The Awakenings of the Beast* were released in 1968. Both films open with the short, bearded, long-finger-nailed, monobrow Marins in black cape and hat, ranting directly at the audience with a look of salacious glee. He taunts and chides the viewer in a deep, booming "voice of God," his finger-pointing accusations serving to self-righteously incriminate those who watch the atrocities that follow. "My world is strange indeed," he ponders in *Awakenings*. "It is never as corrupted as some may want to portray it, my friend, for it is made of strange people . . . though none stranger than YOU!" In *Strange World*, Marins begins by calmly asking "Who am I? It doesn't matter, much as it doesn't matter who you are" and ends by screaming "Your mixed-up mind doesn't know what you seek . . . you can't handle horror because horror is YOU." As Marins' voice fades, the screen is filled with a crowd of anonymous "normals." It's a delirious fuck-you that reveals Coffin Joe's true intentions: nihilistic abuse of humankind through the medium of cheaply made black



and white movies. *Plan 9* naysayers may argue that Ed Wood did it first, but Marins was conscious of his sadism. And he got off on it too.

Awakenings concerns a doctor (Sergio Hingst) who conducts LSD experiments on "human guinea pigs" - four generic Brazilian "addicts." The film is disturbing enough before they dose: degenerate beatniks gather to watch a nude young woman piss in a bucket; across town, weird oral sex rituals conclude with a gang leader dressed as Jesus driving a stake between a schoolgirl's legs. But when the shit kicks in, watch out. The stoners cross over into the domain of Ze do Caixao, a place where "pain is made matter" and "woman is the willing slave to the power of man." A hyper-surreal thrift store hell with hypnotically spastic editing that plays like the "good parts" of *Holy Mountain* condensed to half an hour. (In fact, a scene of ghouls bursting from the ground to drag a young man to his death seems to have been stolen by Jodorowsky for *Santa Sangre* two decades later.) Best of all, is the presence of Marins as himself, taking notes for the film that will become *Awakenings of the Beast*. At the conclusion, he surveys the carnage of the previous ninety minutes, smiles and says, "Cut," intentionally blurring the line between Coffin Joe (demon who subjects hippies to visions of women with faces painted on buttocks farting smoke) and Jose Mojica Marins (director who subjects his audience to Coffin Joe).

Strange World is a more traditional anthology horror film. The first story, "Dollmaker," will be familiar to anyone who's ever read an EC comic. The second, "Obsession," has no dia-

logue. The camera follows George Mishel Serkeis, a filthy, androgynous, balloon-carrying bum, through a typical day of stalking sluttish Iris Bruzzi. "Obsession" is noteworthy thanks to its nicely photographed street scenes and the sequence which finds George furiously humping Iris' corpse in a mausoleum. "Theory," the final installment, thankfully brings Marins back to the forefront, this time as Professor Oaxiac Odex. (Coffin Joe's not fooling anyone, characters repeatedly point at him and exclaim, "Aren't you . . . No. It couldn't be!) The Professor first makes his appearance on a televised debate where he attempts to defend his belief that love is dead, instinct will always triumph over reason and that life is basically shit. To prove his point, Odex kidnaps and tortures a skeptical husband and wife (Osvaldo de Souza and Nidi Reis). First they are forced to watch shocking scenes of perversion - including a very real, painful chest piercing - then they are starved and psychologically raped in a long, truly harrowing sequence which equates religion with fascism and suffering. It's almost a relief when the Professor's nihilism is proved correct and the couple is put out of their misery. The corpses are then eaten by Marins and a roomful of lunatics to the strains of Handel's Hallelujah chorus, a subversive conclusion recalling Bunuel's infamous Last Supper sequence in *Viridiana*. The hilariously inept studio imposed finale - a three minute montage of explosions and lightning designed to show God's wrathful punishment of Coffin Joe - only adds to "Theory's" oppressive fatalism.

As an added bonus, Something Weird is offering *Hallucinations of a Deranged Mind*, a 1970 compilation of scenes the Brazilian dictatorship had previously censored from Marins' movies. A shitstorm of perversion and gore with a thin linking device - an insane man haunted by Coffin Joe must confront the actual Jose Marins to conquer his fears - its barrage of stomach-churning imagery is hard to watch but harder still to turn off. If anything, it's a testament to Marins' ultra-low budget inventiveness i.e. cut two holes in this wall, stick a tit in one and a leg through the other and I'll sit in front of it and eat a frog and bug my eyes out. Yet Marins really had no choice. This is a man clearly driven to exorcise his hatred for all of humanity. Lucky for us he captured it all on film.

- Aaron Lee

Something Weird Video presents by special arrangement with JOSE MOJICA MARINS...

THE STRANGE WORLD OF COFFIN JOE

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Strange isn't the word... When we say there is no way to describe the films of Brazil's first and foremost horror director, Jose' Mojica Marins, it isn't clever hype designed to get you to buy the movies! It's a fact! They simply defy description! Themes of violent psycho-sexual horror are played out so excessively, and in such a weird atmosphere, that your favorite European horror directors will seem almost mainstream in comparison! And now, S.W.V. is proud to present—by arrangement with Coffin Joe himself—4 of the mad genius' best films translated into English for the first time with highest quality, easy-read SUBTITLES! Once you've taken the trip into THE STRANGE WORLD OF COFFIN JOE, you'll never be the same again!

AT MIDNIGHT I'LL TAKE YOUR SOUL

• 1963 •

The first appearance of Coffin Joe (Jose' Mojica Marins). The evil hero is a grave-digger who haunts a small town in search of the woman who will give him the perfect son to continue his legacy of horror. A classic of South American Horror, this is a gruesome piece of art and a masterpiece of gore and blood. Makes *Night of the Living Dead* look like *Driving Miss Daisy*! A movie that hasn't lost its power after 30 years and a must-see for all of Mojica's fans!



STRANGE WORLD OF COFFIN JOE

• 1968 •

3 episodes of blood, horror and despair. The first story shows a bizarre dollmaker whose creations look almost human. Almost? In the second story, Mojica shows us the pleasures and dangers of necrophilia. Then, in the third episode—in order to prove his theory that love is dead—Coffin Joe (Mojica) appears disguised as a doctor. He captures and tortures a couple of non-believers in the most bizarre, cruel and nail-biting moments ever put on celluloid.



AWAKENINGS OF THE BEAST

• 1968 •

This movie is so grotesque—and so ahead of its time—that the Brazilian military dictatorship banned it from video and theatres for 18 years! 'The Beast' of the title is LSD. Mojica shows the suffering of a drug user who is tormented by visions of terror and pain.

It's like *The Haunting* on acid! *Awakenings of the Beast* is a psychedelic jigsaw of violence and incredible images.

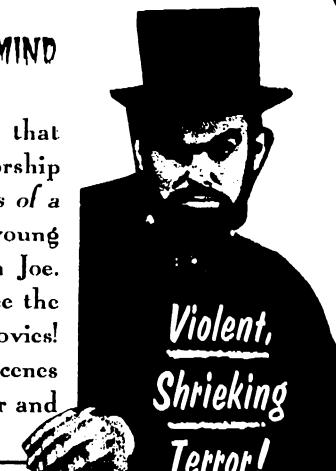
ALL HORROR!

First Time
On Video!
SUBTITLED
IN ENGLISH!

HALLUCINATIONS OF A DERANGED MIND

• 1970 •

Mojica put together all the scenes that were censored by the military dictatorship in Brazil in one movie! *Hallucinations of a Deranged Mind* shows the curse of a young man haunted in his dreams by Coffin Joe. For the first time, Mojica's fans can see the banned scenes from over ten of his movies! It's a mix of color and black & white scenes which prove the genius of this director and actor.



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SIX PACK THEATRE

by Ozzy Fide



Ever noticed how the "big" studios refuse to release quality product on video during the summer? Yes, of course, it's because the "big" men want everyone to run down to the multiplex to watch their latest multikastrillion dollar blockbuster. But I've said it before and I've said it again; Ozzy doesn't like going to multiplexes. He prefers to stay in his lush country digs watching flicks on his seventy-five inch, quadraphonic television while his mexican maid, Chinga Tumadre, serves him frozen margaritas the size of his head. But I understand show business. I know I have fans. People who depend on me. Impoverished people. Demi-humans who cannot afford to throw their money around in the extravagant manner that is almost second nature to Ozzy. Poor souls who can only afford to take their families to one movie a week - and at seven dollars a pop with refreshments and beverages for everyone we're talking about fifty bucks here - and I understand that they look to me, especially during the months of June, July and August, to tell them where to go for mindless film entertainment. Yes, even I have responsibilities. Some have greatness thrust upon them. I have the needs of those who eat potato chip sandwiches for lunch thrust upon me. And this crowd doesn't settle. They want the maximum bang for their buck. So I can't lie to them. Or to you. Even if it means the loss of thousands of advertising dollars for the mag. Fuck that Dom guy anyway. *Brutarian* is just a tax write-off for him. That phoney. He doesn't know Dubuffet from Dubonet. He can bite my dick. Read on. What follows is important.

---- Dr. Giggles ----

(d) Manny Coto (1992): Look, Manny baby, it's 1992 not 1962 and if you're going to make what is essentially a slasher film you'd best be prepared to ladle on heaping helpings of skin and viscera. We don't want you cutting away every time some inventive depravity occurs or two teenagers start to feel each other up. Yes, I know I sound like some kind of pervert, Manny, but if you give us a screenplay with little or nothing in the way of story, plot, character or theme, it's only natural to start looking for some cheap thrills. I do like the idea of *LA Law*'s Larry "The Retard" Drew playing an escaped mental patient posing as a doctor, but unfortunately

that's about all I or anyone will like about your thoroughly unlikable movie. No giggles. No gore. No gratuitous nudity. No cans. No, Manny, you get nada. Not even for having the temerity to rip off the hall of mirrors sequence from Welles' *Lady From Shanghai*.

---- Innocent Blood ----

(d) John Landis (1992): Ozzy's girlfriend thought that this marginally amusing horror comedy was just great. Which means nothing to me because what she doesn't know about horror and comedy would fill a bookshelf five miles long. Believe it or not, this is a vampire Mafia movie starring perennial second banana Robert Loggia as a Mob boss running around putting the bite on his paisans after being accidentally turned into one of the undead by Anne Parillaud (*La Femme Nikita*). Parillaud, in turn, runs around after Loggia trying to stop him before he assembles an army of ginzo ghouls. Along the way she picks up a retarded Alec Baldwin lookalike (Anthony LaPaglia playing the part of a police detective who's a little slow on the uptake) to help her out and to make love to. Sounds hilarious doesn't it? Yeah and it plays about as funny as it sounds but nevertheless I'm giving it three cans for Parillaud's nude scenes (which include some full frontal shots), Don Rickles' head blowing up (who hasn't wanted to see that?) and the cameos by burnt out celebrities like Forrest J. Ackerman, Tom Savini and Dario Argento which relieve some of the mind-numbing tedium generated by the moronic narrative.



---- Pet Sematary 2 ----

(d) Mary Beth Lambert (1992): What made the original memorable, aside from the clever direction of Ms. Lambert, was its morbid screenplay. It seemed as if almost every scene dealt with the subject of death or the rejection or suppression of the reality of it. However, this is a sequel and, as we all know, sequels routinely eschew subtleties so as to better ape the superficialities of their antece-

dents. In the case of a horror film this means more mindless depictions of violence and graphic mayhem, which is fine with me. Yet Lambert and her screenwriters aren't total dullards and what they have done is to take the central conceit of the original - animals and humans interred in an Indian burial ground on the ridge above a pet cemetery come back to life in a decidedly unhappy state - and substitute a dog for a cat and two psychopaths for a child and its loving young mother. So while you may get a film devoid of theme and subtext you get a terrifically vile little exercise with a dog that makes Cujo look like Lassie and some undead folks that are so completely out of control that they'd probably give Jeffrey Dahmer the willies. Lambert, knowing she has a potboiler on her hands, keeps things moving fairly quickly, throwing in a few scares and a couple of laughs while lighting the whole thing in lambent blues and autumnal browns and oranges. *Pet Semetary 2* is no masterpiece but it's well worth an after-midnight spin on your VCR.



Tony, this effort is so moronic I'm willing to lay odds that even the real life pinheads at Troma Studios would be too embarrassed to distribute this disaster. And believe me, the studio that pushed *Fat Kid Goes Nutzoid* (1987) as a winning comedy about a severely retarded runaway's misadventures in New York City doesn't embarrass easily.

----- Marquis -----



-- Hellraiser III: Hell On Earth --

(d) Anthony Hickox (1992): I think it was a rather noble gesture on the producers part to place a consumer warning next to the title, don't you? But then the filmmakers probably had to or risk being sued for fraud since this banal farrago bears even less of a relationship to the original than did *Hellbound*. Heck, they could have called this one *Barney The Dinosaur Meets Mr. Magoo* and it wouldn't have made a bit of difference. Oh sure, you get Pinhead, a few Cenobites and that strange little box, but that's it. Yes, that's it. There is no story. None. Nada. In the first couple of reels you have a reporter investigating a gruesome emergency room death and then all of a sudden you're watching Pinhead and his minions doing a Rambo number on the inexplicably deserted Lower East Side of Manhattan (don't we all wish). Hey, Mr. Moron Director! Hello in there! Listen to me, I've got something to tell you, something almost all children know: Just because things happen doesn't mean you have a story. There has to be a reason for what occurs onscreen. And it would help if there was some sort of causal relationship among these silly bits of business. A leading to B which in turn results in C and so on. I know this is only a horror movie and you have already proven you're an imbecile with prior efforts like *Waxwork* (1988), but hey,

(d) Henri Xhonneux (1992): Question: Is it possible for a movie centering on the travails of the Marquis de Sade while in the Bastille and featuring actors in marvelous animal headpieces committing outrages such as rape, sodomy with a crawfish and intercourse with a stone wall to be boring? Answer: All things are possible, especially if the French are involved. This pretentious twaddle has generated a lot of talk among *Psychotronic* and *Film Threat* readers but that's because they've never read a word of Alphonse's (or of any great writer for that matter). The author of such seminal works as *1001 Nights of Sodom* and *Justine* would be outraged, as I was, to see his life and thought reduced to a dialogue between an irritating, animated latex and plasticine penis and a pompous beagle. Xhonneux may be the Jim Henson of France, but I'd sooner sit through twelve consecutive screenings of *The Muppets Take Manhattan* than watch the wretched work of this cretinous crapaud again.



---- Laws Of Gravity ----

(d) Nick Gomez (1992): Ozzy was really excited about this low-budget flick by first time director Nick Gomez. After all, it was a film about my people: small-time Italian hoods from Brooklyn. But after watching this surprisingly uninvolving and torpid exercise in pointlessness, Ozzy remembered why he moved out of Brooklyn in the first place: my paisans bored the shit out of me. And they'll bore the shit out of you too with their "Fuck-you - No-fuck-you" dialogues and sheepish body language. Essentially an unintelligent remake of *Mean Streets*, Gomez' movie has little to say and what little it does say, is said badly. Nick does know how to edit and use a camera though, so if he can rustle up a decent script next time out he'll probably find himself in possession of the unassuming gem the critics thought this one was.



---- Trespass ----



(d) Walter Hill (1992): It's hard to believe that a film touted as a violent cartoon starring Ices T and Cube, directed by Walter (The Warriors, 48 Hours) Hill and released during the Christmas holidays, a time when exploitation fans are traditionally starving for such fare, could possibly bomb at the box-office. Well it did and here's why. You let childish men like Robert Zemeckis and Bob Gale (*Back To The Future*) write the script and you allow them to convince you to film most of the action in a single room. The room in question is in an abandoned factory in east St. Louis where Arkansas firemen (Bill Paxton and William Sadler) have holed up against a siege by drug dealer Ice-T and his gangsta cohorts. What are Arkansas firemen doing in a factory in east St. Louis? Why looking for a stash of precious golden objects stolen and then hidden in the building some fifteen, long years ago, silly. And what are

drug dealers doing here? Why executing a rival who just happened to be dimwitted enough to think that a solo parlay with his heavily armed opponents in an isolated and unpopulated section of town was a smart move. Naturally, T and his boys don't want any witnesses but there's nothing they can do since Paxton and Sadler are bottled up in this room with T's heroin addicted brother as a hostage. Little gunplay, little mano a mano but you do get plenty of talk like this: "You motherfucker!" "Yo you motherfucker!" "No you motherfucker!" "No you yo motherfucker!" While I must admit to finding these Shavian interchanges infinitely amusing - those rich white Hollywood scriptwriters sure do know how to talk black - you will most likely be singing the blues.



---- Best Of The Best 2 ----

(d) Robert Radler (1992): Sometimes the producers and creative talents behind a sequel, especially a sequel to a moderately unsuccessful film, experience what you might call an epiphany. And what they tell themselves is this: we can do anything we want because no one gave a shit about the original in the first place. When that happens, you generally wind up with a pretty decent piece of exploitation. Such is indeed the case with *Best Of The Best 2*, a mindless, blood-spattered tae kwon doe flick chock full of graphic mayhem and cretinous hand-to-hand sequences. Eric Roberts, Philip Rhee and Pillsbury Doughboy, Christopher Penn reprise their roles as US karate champions but only Roberts and Rhee make it to the final reel. That's because the severely overweight Penn buys the farm trying to win a no-holds-barred martial arts competition in an underground Vegas sports palace against a blonde latent homosexual known only as Brakus. Because Roberts' kid witnesses the murder, emcee and co-owner of this dubious entertainment venture, Wayne Newton decides the child, and everyone he knows must die. Before it's all over, we get to watch Roberts and Rhee beat the crap out of everything that walks and are treated to a cool subplot involving some drunken Indian kung-fu. I'm docking one star because of the inexplicable absence of busty-blonde-forty-something-floozy Sally Kirkland.



---- Body Of Evidence ----

(d) Uli Edel (1992): "I fuck. That's what I do," Madonna tells us shortly before she gets blown out a window in this turgid and incredibly moronic courtroom thriller. Of course she *fucks*. We all know she *fucks*. *Fucks* and *sucks* without restraint and very well, I'm sure. How else to explain such legs in the biz. What director Edel and company can't convince me of is why anyone would want to *fuck* this wan, pan-faced, small-mouthed, beady-eyed, gap-toothed bitch? Well, I might believe Frankenstein-jawed Willem Dafoe would since he's so pug-ugly. So there was really no need for Madonna - who badly underplays the part of a femme fatale on trial for *fucking* to death an elderly millionaire - to drip hot wax on defense attorney Dafoe's balls or to *fuck* him on broken glass or to let him *fuck* her in the ass. Besides, Dafoe's a lawyer and given half a *fucking* chance, lawyers will *fuck* anything or anybody any *fucking* time or any *fucking* place. Evidence is directed at a *fucking* snail's pace by the *fuck* who turned the incendiary novel *Last Exit To Brooklyn* into a *fucking* first year art-school still life. Three cans and a medal for bravery to Dafoe for eating Ms. Ciccone's *pussy* (which changes from blonde to brunette for no discernable reason) in apparent total disregard of the potentially fatal consequences.



fecting but it sounds as much like the language of Shakespeare as that spoken by Boorman - the german guy who's tending Z-Man's bar. The morality underlying this thing is equally preposterous. And despicable. Why do innocent lesbians and a relatively harmless bisexual have to join the choir invisible along with Martin Boorman and the odious Z-Man? Because they're all deviants and Meyer wishes them dead. Why does Meyer ridicule blacks, cripples, women with big breasts, impotent men and virgins? Because they don't fit into Meyer's scheme of things and he wishes them dead. Why did Meyer make this big-budget travesty? So you could despise it and wish him dead.



---- Valley Of The Dolls ----



- Beyond The Valley Of The Dolls -

(d) Russ Meyer (1970/1993): *Dolls* is an accidental work of genius thanks to a combination of so many outlandish elements that it's almost impossible to list them all. Let's start with Roger Ebert's script about a female rock band's dire adventures in LA, a screenplay which isn't just a parody of big budget Hollywood soap operas but the very embodiment of them. Then there's the cast, a motley collection of talentless playgirls and remarkably effeminate men (except for John Napier) who aren't adept or intelligent enough to mug lines like "You're a groovy boy, I'd like to strap you on sometime," and so mouth everything with a kind of idiot, wide-eyed exuberance. And how about that music? Peppy, Association-type numbers masquerading as hippy rock. It's far too moronic to have been intentional. Especially when The Strawberry Alarm Clock has been hired to do the party scenes. I also dig the Machiavellian Phil Spector figure called the Z-Man. That's Elizabethan English he's supposed to be af-

(d) Mark Robson (1967/1993): We've got whoever owns 20th Century Fox releasing this along with the aforementioned *Beyond* in a crass attempt to make a few extra bucks riding on that messterpieces' coattails. Don't be fooled, this chronicle of three ingenues (Barbara Parkins, Sharon Tate and Patty Duke) seeking fame and fortune in New York isn't even in the same league as the Ebert-Meyer concoction. Saddled with a muddled script, atrocious acting and indifferent directing, this debacle should have been released as *Valley Of The Dullards*. Watching it is

as about as enjoyable as having your teeth filed with a sander, unless you're smashed, as I was, on Old Grandad. Then you can revel in things like Patty Duke's incomparably hammy performance (Did she think she was playing Lady Macbeth?), Susan Hayward croaking like an aged bullfrog while trying to pull off the role of a storied Broadway musical actress, Patty Duke singing a duet in a nuthouse with an Alzheimers' sufferer (Alright, they don't tell us what he's "suffering" from, but whatever it is it's turned him into a vegetable), Sharon Tate doing bust exercises (What, aren't they big enough already?), Patty Duke screaming and hammering on garbage cans in an alley, and dialogue such as this between a soporific Marty "Adam 12" Milner and of course . . .
Patty Duke: MARTY: You know, you're spending a lot more time than necessary with that fag.
PATTY: Ted Casablanca is not a fag! And I'm the dame who can prove it!

Perhaps the most astounding thing about *Dolls* (aside from the fact that it was remade for television with Bert Convy, Jean Simmons and James Coburn) is that it was directed - and I use this term very, very loosely - by Mark Robson. How a man who cut his teeth in the business editing *Citizen Kane* (1941) and *The Magnificent Ambersons* (1942) and graduated to directing such memorable films for Val Lewton as *The Seventh Victim* (1943) *Isle Of The Dead* (1945) and *Bedlam* (1946) could agree to helm audacities like this and *Earthquake* (1974) is beyond me. Maybe he was "suffering" from Alzheimers'. In any case, this film is rated A. For alcoholics only.



---- Man Bites Dog ----



(d) Andre Bonzil, Benoit Poelvoorde & Remy Belvaux (1992): The newest cause celebre on the art

house circuit, this Belgian, i.e., French film, is a depraved satire which takes square aim at: our fascination with serial killers, the *cinema verite* style of filmmaking, the new wave auteur as exemplified by Godard, the viewer as complacent voyeur, and the art world's condonation and exploitation of violence for financial gain. I suppose if I really thought about it I could have come up with a half dozen other targets but I was too busy being appalled watching Ben, a professional killer and blithe psychopath, strangle, shoot and beat to death a couple of dozen innocents. I also suppose I'm expected to take to Ben because he's a good family man, has a wry sense of humor (he buries his Islamic victims facing Mecca, pulls the pants off of a black victim to see if the myths about them being well hung are true), spouts romantic odes to nature while on the job and is canny enough to adopt the film crew that's trotting after him as his accomplices; but I can't. Neither can I embrace as satire a work containing relatively straightforward depictions of child murder, gang rape and disembowelment. For those of you who have no such qualms, just sit back, dip into your popcorn and get set for: *Henri, Portrait Of An Ethereal Killer*.



---- Super Mario Brothers ----

(d) Rocky Morton & Anabel Jankel (1993): Lost somewhere in the unbridled glee of spending forty million dollars in creating a neon-bedizened, fungus-encrusted, technonoir, splatterpunk-populated alternate universe, hiring a stellar cult cast including Bob Hoskins and Dennis Hopper, and creating the years most memorable alien life form, the Goombas, the producers of this movie forgot to spend a dime on a small commodity central to their enterprise: a script. Add to that direction phoned in from a truly alternate universe and these guys got exactly what they deserved, a seventeen cent return on every dollar invested. Because Ozzy is as sick and tired of these assholes recouping through video rentals the losses engendered by their general contempt for the viewing audience, he encourages you to let your eye pass over this turgid dreck on the shelf at your local video emporium. You want a fantastic fable about the perils of romantic love in a world of brutal technocracy, re-rent *Brazil* or *City of Women* or some fucking thing. Boycott this bombastically bilious brummagem.



---- The Last Action Hero ----



(d) John McTiernan (1993): Ozzy has no idea why the critics have been pasting this fantasy adventure parody since it's one of the more entertaining and intelligent flicks he's seen this year. The story of a poor New York boy who, thanks to the help of a magic ticket fashioned by Harry Houdini, crosses over into a film starring Schwarzenegger (as action hero Jake Slater) and then back again, is chock full of laughs, gags, spills, chills and thrills. Genre hack McTiernan is smart enough to leave well enough alone and let others do the work. So we get a fine story, an abundance of self-referential dialogue and lots of Rube Goldberg-like hijinx. The movie cost about a billion dollars to make and looks it. I've never seen more amazing chase scenes and you're talking to a guy who watched *Terminator 2* about a dozen times. The producers have also seen the wisdom in hiring adroit character actors - Anthony Quinn, Robert Prosky, Frank McHugh - guys who know how to walk the fine line between ham and baloney. Schwarzenegger gives us a real performance this time - a swagger undercut with an almost touching vulnerability - and the little prick who plays his pint-sized cohort actually grows on you after awhile. Although the film doesn't plumb the fantasy versus reality subtext too deeply it makes enough sly points about the value of art, literature, women, Nietzsche and the danger of retreating into dreams to let you know, even as it continues to bombard you with mind-

less spectacle, where its heart really lies. Still, it's sad and kind of touching that a professional body-builder would make a movie which assumes that its putative audience i.e. the american populace, has a passing familiarity with the cornerstones of western culture.



---- Jennifer 8 ----

(d) Bruce Robinson (1992): A rather uninvolving mystery thriller despite fine performances from its stars and a number of riveting and fairly chilling scenes. Andy Garcia is John Berlin, a forensic pathologist on what he thinks is the trail of a serial killer who preys upon beautiful, blind young women. Garcia, however, has a problem: no one on the police force believes in him except for close friend and superior officer Freddy Ross (Lance Henriksen). And even Lance has trouble taking Garcia seriously. Especially when Garcia falls in love with his only potential witness, the lush and lithesome Uma Thurman. Unfortunately for the viewer, director Robinson seems to be in love with Thurman as well and so he turns what has thus far been a tolerable entertainment into a mindless piece of mush. Until he sees it's going nowhere. Then Robinson kills off Henriksen, casts suspicion on Garcia and trots in John Malkovich (who is amazingly good here) as an FBI investigator in a desperate attempt to right things but it's simply a case of too little too late. The strange interlude with Thurman has long since caused us to lose all interest.



---- Menace II Society ----

(d) The Hughes Brothers (1993): First of all, let's get some things straight here. This is not, as many critics would like you to believe, the greatest film ever made. What it is (yeah, I'm down with it) is a fairly arresting cautionary fable filled with foul-mouthed ghetto dialogue, spectacular, in-your-face violence and some understatedly whacked camera work. Most people have trouble with the likability of the lead character, a small time drug dealer named Cain (is that a motherfucker or what?) but they're missing the point. You're not supposed to like a punk who deals drugs, gets girls pregnant just to dog them and teaches five year olds how to shoot .45s; you're supposed to be horrified by him. And if

you're rooting for him to get out of Compton while committing various atrocities - which is basically the plot of the flick - then nigger, you're probably a no-count punk yourself.



---- Cliffhanger ----



(d) Renny Harlin (1993): You don't go to a Sly Stallone movie looking for intelligent entertainment. You don't go to a Renny (*Die Hard 2, Ford Fairlane*) Harlin movie looking for intelligence or entertainment. So why should you go see this flick? I don't know. The long shot mountain climbing sequences are breathtaking; the fight scenes are brutal and bloody and things blow up real good, but I have trouble watching Stallone as a bare-handed, t-shirt clad mountain climber trying to outwit a band of murderous skyjacking thieves high amongst the Rockies in the middle of winter. Even John Lithgow as an amusingly fey psychopath can't save us from the tedium engendered by the inexplicable stupidity of Sly's estranged sidekick, the inexplicable catatonia of Sly's estranged girlfriend, and the inexplicable ineptitude of the FBI. Well alright, on the heels of Waco, perhaps the depiction of the FBI does have a tinge of realism. Nevertheless, after a truly heart-stopping opening sequence, most of *Cliffhanger*, despite its fairly impressive pyrotechnics, is fairly rocky going.



---- Sidekicks ----

(d) Aaron Norris (1993): This pre-adolescent fantasy-adventure revolving around a young boy's efforts to overcome his neurasthenia with the help of an aged kung-fu restaurant owner and the imaginary (and later real) aid of Chuck Norris tells us many wonderful things. That dreams do come true if you want them badly enough. That there is nothing wrong with taking occasional refuge in the world of the imagination. And that discipline, restraint and style can be the building blocks to respect for self and others. Unfortunately, *Sidekicks* also tells us this: that Shakespeare and the English Romantic poets are not worthy of study; that girls, even sensitive and intelligent ones, will have nothing to do with you until you learn to kick the shit out of other men; and that caprices involving guns are wholesome and healthy. Alright, I agree with the latter two so I'll give this tree stabs (as my uncle Sonny would say) for the amusing Walter Mitty sequences, the performance of Mako as the restaurant owner-teacher and the scene we've so longed to see: narcissist Joe Piscopo (he's the "evil" karate teacher) getting his ass kicked by a true brute like seven-time world middleweight kick-boxing champion Norris.



---- Jurassic Park ----

(d) Steven Spielberg (1993): So, you got those two supposedly astute paleontologists who profess total ignorance of theories of Chaos, quantum physics, quarks and strange attractors. You got this geriatric theme park developer who creates dinosaurs from DNA sucked-up by prehistoric mosquitos trapped in amber and then eats ice cream while his grandchildren are at the mercy of his monstrous menagerie. You got this corpulent computer wizard engaged in corporate espionage who is completely ignorant of the identity and relative danger of the various creatures whose habitat he has spent the last year engineering. Yeah, it's all preposterously implausible but hey, these dinosaurs kick major ass! And although Spielberg and the boys saw the rushes of the T-Rex scene and decided they had to tone down the ultraviolence or risk losing their *ET* audience, Ozzy could watch Laura Dern plunge her arms up to the elbows in feces till the brontosaurus come home, so who the fuck cares? See it.



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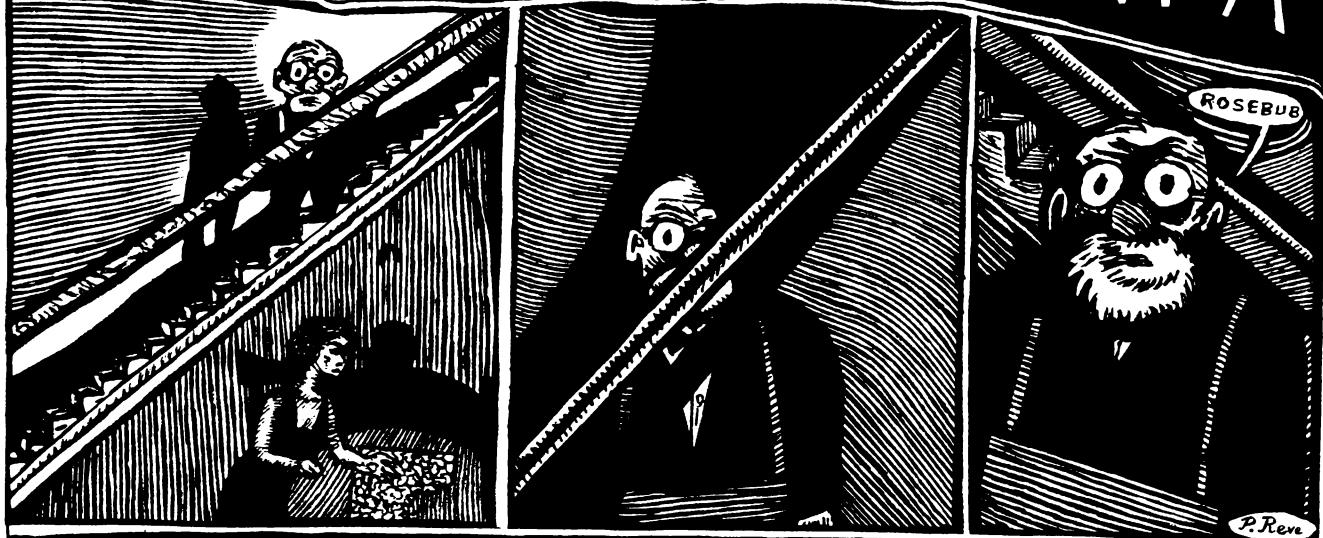
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ONAN *The* BRUTARIAN



There's recently been a flood of 1960's sex-exploitation flicks released on videocassette. Dom Salemi gets a lot of them sent to him to review. Dom Salemi says he doesn't have time to watch them all. Dom Salemi is married to a gorgeous slice of womanhood - he doesn't fuckin' *need* to watch this shit. But if you are a single bachelor or a lesbian (butchelor?) with more than time on your hands, then these films can serve an entertaining, useful, and, yes, even educational purpose! (Well, no . . . not educational.) If you're even considering laying out twenty clams (plus postage) for one of these puppies then these reviews and, Godwilling, the ones to follow in future issues will serve as a helpful connosewers guide. If you're one of the types mentioned above, then ya gotta like breasts. Big flabby

ones, little firm ones - they're so gosh-darned erection inducing, right? I mean, c'mon - let's lay our cards on the table: Guys got dicks, they like to play with them. And what better way to enjoy one of these "art" films then by sittin' around with the ol' remote in one hand and the you-know-what in the other! I've willingly watched hundreds of these things and, unlike that lucky schmuck Dom Salemi, I've stayed completely sober in order to accomplish my "task." These reviews will concentrate mainly on newer videotape releases and will attempt to separate the strokers from the chokers, the slappers from the crappers, the ejaculators from the regurgitators. Read on Willy Wankers . . .

NOTE: Most of these tapes are available from Something Weird Video who probably have an ad somewhere in this mag. Thanks to Bill Watts.

by Brian Horrorwitz

MUNDO DEPRAVADOS (THE WORLD OF THE DEPRAVED) (1967)

This stars famed burlesque stripper Tempest Storm and lots of chicks in tights, many with beehives. Our story: After receiving a threatening phone call a young lady is attacked and killed by a stocking-masked killer! We are then introduced to two cops, portrayed by the "comedy" team of John Decker and Larry Reed. (What? You've never heard of them?) Then the narrator babbles something about the city having "millions of eyes" that "touch but don't feel, listen but don't hear." Okay. The clues in this nudie murder mystery can be found in the buildings that house an exercise TV show and the Gayety burlesque theater. That's because the girls working these joints are starting to turn up stiff! And speaking of stiff, the acting in this thing is atrocious. Most of Decker and Reeds' comic relief jokes are either unfunny or unintelligible. Fortunately, there's Tempest. Great gosh-a-mighty! This woman has two amazing talents - and acting ain't one of them! Here she plays Tango the star dancer at the aforementioned Gayety and head of the exercise club which is used for the TV show. Tempest has a terrific bod, but we never get to see it for long. She spends most of the movie trying to act concerned. This provides loads of laughs as Tempest delivers her lines like she's reading from a cue-card, which is alright because she probably was. Later, the two cops interview the TV girls. One cop named either Adam or Hans (I couldn't understand what the other was calling him) meets Connie, a cute deaf-mute with an incredible beehive - cooler even than Tango's! Adam/Hans eagerly exclaims, "A woman who can't talk? That's great! Will you marry me?" Strictly high-brow humor, fer sher. Overall, there's a fair amount of nudity but it's spread out (so to speak) in short spots amidst long stretches of plot. Forty minutes into the flick, Barrette, a slightly pudgy but somewhat stacked blonde ignores the cops' warnings concerning the killer (who is now called the full-moon murderer) and goes downstairs to do her laundry. In alluring lingerie of course. Spying her, the killer decides she needs a little "giallo" with her pudding and stabs her. "This is the screwiest case!" proclaims Hans or Adam upon arriving on the scene just minutes too late. The murders continue and Tango, being the brain-child she is, comes up with an idea for a new strip routine which she calls "Tango and the Sex Monster." In it she is attacked by a man supposedly representing the killer. But who is the *real* killer? Is it Hot-Shot the stagehand? Is it Ray Revere the dashing host of the exercise show? Is it Pops the lazy but loveable stogie-sucking stage manager? Or could it be Burt the friendly janitor with a peeping-tom habit? You probably won't give a shit. But, if you like entertainingly bad movies with some sparse but mildly erotic

nudity (lotsa Tango but not much 'tang) then you might wanna watch this. Then again, you might wanna thumb through some old National Geographics instead. Like Pops says, "Take it easy, but take it."

TWISTED SEX TRAILERS VOL. 8

Of all the tapes of this variety released so far, the "Twisted Sex Trailers" series are my favorite. Very often the previews for these films are far more entertaining than the actual movie they're plugging and, in the case of some lost films, the trailers are all that are left. I would heavily recommend checking out a volume (the first two are my faves) as these collections stand up to repeated viewings and are worth the dough. Volume 8 is not the best, but does contain some real gems and is still worth owning. With over thirty previews, we're talkin' more boobs for the bucks than any of these vids! Some of the headlights, I mean highlights, include such rarities as *Mother* with Wally Cox and Julie (Catwoman) Newmar who keeps her clothes on unfortunately, and the bonus nudie short *Rent-A-Girl*. In the preview for *The Fabulous Bastard Of Chicago* we are treated by a distinguished host to a behind-the-scenes look at sleeze-porn production. Classy! While previous editions in this series contained mostly "nudie-cutie" or "roughie" trailers, Vol. 8 has a real mix of genres: from the psychedelic *Something's Happening* (aka *The Hippie Revolt*) to the mondo *Karamoja* (which is on there a second time as the strangely retitled *Wang Wang!*) to the just plain weird, as with the early 70's comedy called *Gerty Gerty In The Wall, Who's The Fattest Of Them All?* There's a 3-D flick, a sex-western and an ad for the porn-documentary *Red, White And Blue* as well. Also stuck on the end is a really boring extra short on teen marriage. While not as erotic as an entire movie - the action all happens too fast! - Vol. 8 and all the *Twisted Sex Trailers* tapes are still the coolest and most crucial, not to mention best buys. Did I mention Julie Newmar?

THE CURIOUS DR. HUMPP (1967)

This is an amazing little black-and-white flick from Argentina. Fast paced. Cool European artsy-mod photography. Spacey haunted jazz soundtrack. Dr. Humpp: He needs the "sex" of other couples to keep from turning into . . . *something*. A horrible hunched Don Post monster-mask reject kidnaps victims who become donors. "Put the hippies in one room and let them keep their pot." His Bardot-ish nurse assists in the experiments not out of sadism, but only to show her dedication and great love for . . . the evil Dr. Humpp. "Let the lesbians stay together."

Drug induced, orgiastic frenzies feed the Doc's need, turning once normal citizens into "veritable screwing machines!" "He is no longer of use to us. Dispose of his body!" Dr. Humpp: Turning away the lustful but loving advances of his nurse. "Let me give you all the sex you want! Oh, PLEASE! Use ME to keep you alive!" Dr. Humpp: Performing libido-increasing brain-surgery on his guitar playing monster assistant! Dr. Humpp: Taking instructions from a human brain that yells things with a Russian (?) accent as it floats inside a sorta' cuisinart lookin' thingy. "Dr. Humpp is on the verge of a great breakthrough! Try to stop him and you will DIE!" Alluring Euro-sex-slaves willingly bang each other as Dr. Humpp watches on his giant closed-circuit TV monitor! And then there are the Automatrons, giant robot-like goons that were once human but are now under the control of: Dr. Humpp! A fearless newspaper reporter breaks in only to be captured! The nurse falls for him. "Please! Put it in me!" But Dr. Humpp puts him in one of his sex machines with another young captive, Rachel, for the ultimate form of safe-sex: "He will ride you to a climactic frenzy, yet your bodies will NEVER TOUCH!" Before he can tell the Doc to kiss his astral plane, the switch is thrown and . . . You'll have to see this incredible film yourself to find out what happens. What I will tell you is that there's lotsa' nipple pinchin', some gunplay, police dogs, one hilarious monster, several giant goofy looking zombies, quite a few sexy European nude-niks and, yes Barbara, there's even a little bush thrown in for good measure!

THE BEAUTIFUL, THE BLOODY, AND THE BARE (1969)

More bore than bare, this NYC film has been called a nudie version of H. G. Lewis' *Color Me Blood Red* which was about a psychotic artist murdering his nude models. But it isn't nearly as gory and, man, does it drag! It seems to take forever for anything to happen. I can't even remember what the women looked like. By the time they'd posed and exposed, my hose had dozed. Watch if you must but have your phaser set on "scan" at all times.

60'S GO-GO CHICKS VOL. 1

What the good folks at Something Weird Video have done here is selected some choice go-go scenes from some of the various tapes they hock. Sorta' the poor man's *Mondo Topless* but, hey! I ain't complainin'! Includes uncredited scenes from such epics as *Passion In The Sun*, *Curse Of Her Flesh*, and *Kiss Me Quick*. There are a variety of dancers ranging from a fully-clothed blonde nymphet (twistin' to a rockin' live version of "Row Row Row Your Boat")

to more nekkid "exotic" dancers. Some burlesque style stripping as well. A few clips have live or lip-synched bands in them. The quality of each film print varies a bit, but with 90-plus minutes of teepee-raising action, how bad could this be? One black-and-white sequence has this amazing Hadji-esque Spanish chick doing a strip dance with a pair of scissors! As she slowly gyrates on top of what appears to be a table in a diner, sideburned white-trash scumfucks sit closely by watching unflinchingly as this buxom Bone-eata does a *snip-tease*! Incredible! Includes a trailer for *Paris Topless* with Tempest Storm, and an H. G. Lewis short called *Wild Night At The Interlude* which is also on one of the *Twisted Sex Trailers* tapes. There's now a *60's Go-Go Chicks Vol. 2* as well! Joy!

AGONY OF LOVE (1966)



Two words: Pat Barrington. The mere mention of her name will now raise more than just my blood-pressure because, you see, I have finally witnessed this unbelievable woman at work. In this film, she plays the wife of a successful businessman and leads a secret life of prostitution just to keep from being bored! Pat takes off her clothes a lot and, lordy, does she have a nice bod. Tall, long shapely legs, and a pair of hooters that could feed an entire nursery. And her face, why . . . come to think of it, I never did look at her face . . . but I'm sure it's probably quite lovely. And what's really great is that every guy she doinks is a fat slob! It really gives one hope! All of the sound is dubbed which adds to the fun. One short-n-squatty dude with a huge moustache must've had his voice replaced with the Marlboro man's. Another oafish goon pays Pat just to be able to sit and voraciously chow down on a picnic lunch whilst she does a sexy striptease for his eatifuckation. Sure this thing's short on plot, but there's Pat! Why, just the thought of her round, firm . . . 'scuse me. I gotta go.

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As a resident of this institution, public law 103-420 mandates we, as your keepers, provide you with the opportunity to enrich yourself through adult education and normalizing "university type" activities. Because of this ridiculous congressional meddling, your sentencing now requires you to fill out this form and become a legal "university student." According to the new administration, your vile and barbaric act was simply a cry for a four-year education. Needless to say, we are not pleased—but in the interest of appeasement and lack of energy and resources to participate in a drawn-out legislative battle, the warden (now dean) of Lorton Prison has decided to comply.

So, you had better learn to use the proper terminology. For example, the cellblock is now known as the dormitory, and prison guards are now known as resident advisors. The yard will now be called the quad, and laundry detail is a form of work-study.

Your degree concentration will depend on the circumstances of your incarceration (scholarship), as well as your literacy level. Some prisoners (students) may, for example, might wish to transfer their lifetime skills acquired in pimping or car-jacking to degrees in sports management or automobile repossession. Others may opt for specialized degrees in harmonica arts or swallowing-stuff-hidden-in-balloons-and-expelling-them-for-later-use. For those who suddenly get religion, bible degrees are available. All sex offenders are automatically enrolled in our John Wayne Gacy Klown Kollege*.

To successfully complete this application package, you must include either your high-school transcripts (police record) and your S.A.T. scores (breathalyzer and spinal tap test). If you are a graduate student (repeat offender), please be sure to notify our Dean Of Students (Assistant Warden Paul L. Holiday) for academic evaluation. Remember, many of our graduates have gone on to become very successful. Our alumni include Anwar Asum Barry (Washington DC Council Member and former mayor), Charles Duming (Star of the Fox Television series "ROC"), former heavyweight champ Mike Tyson and talk-show host G. Gordon Liddy. Learn and be a success!

PART ONE

You must answer all of the following questions truthfully in order to be considered for admission to Lorton University.

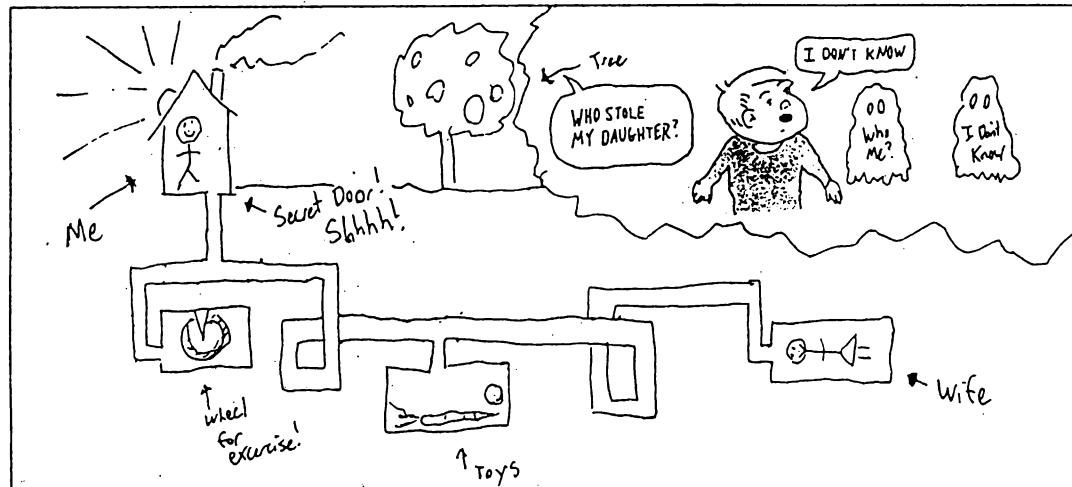
NAME

John Esposito

NATURE OF SCHOLARSHIP

I took a darling little girl and made a beautiful 4' X 8' home for her at the end of a secret labyrinth in my basement. She is my wife.

DRAW A PICTURE OF YOUR FAMILY



DESCRIBE YOURSELF INDICATING YOUR STRONG AND WEAK POINTS.

I am a person who loves to marry little girls. I think my strongest point is my ability to build complex subterranean concrete mazes and put little girls in them. My weakest point is probably my right arm, which was broken last week by "Bobo" Johnson.

DESCRIBE YOUR MOST SUBSTANTIAL ACHIEVEMENT TO DATE.

I have almost completed a tunnel which runs directly from my dorm room to the local day-care center.

WHO HAS BEEN SUPPLYING YOUR FELLOW STUDENTS WITH CRACK COCAINE AND HORSE TRANQUILIZERS?
I'm not sure.

YES, YOU DO. YOU BALLOON-SWALLOWING MORON!
If I sing for you, I'll be dead in a matter of hours. You want to cut me a deal, we can talk. Otherwise, I don't know nothing.

HOW WELL DO THE FOLLOWING STATEMENTS DESCRIBE YOU?

very much

somewhat

not at all

I weigh over 500 pounds.

1

2

3

People who annoy me frequently wake up dead.

1

2

3

I like to bite off other people's noses and digits when nobody's looking

1

2

3

I am planning to escape real soon

1

2

3

I love to kidnap children and marry them.

1

2

3

I think cigarettes are an excellent substitute for currency.

1

2

3

I enjoy wearing fluorescent clothing and working on the freeway.

1

2

3

I know how to play the harmonica.

1

2

3

In order to accommodate insurance requirements, you must complete the following medical profile. Again, you must answer all questions.

TO DATE, HOW MANY OF THE FOLLOWING HAVE YOU ACCRUED WITHIN THE CONFINES OF LORTON?

Stab wounds? 8

Rectal tears? 23

Removal of digits, ears or nose? 2

Unsolicited tattoos? 2

Bites? 6

Broken limbs or ribs? 5

Food poisoning? 65

Having your head suddenly slammed into something? 103

ANSWER THE FOLLOWING TRUE/FALSE RISK-ASSESSMENT QUESTIONS.

Self-mutilation is a hobby of mine. T F

I am a sex offender and am pretty unpopular at Lorton. T F

The answer to this question is "F". T F

I like to inhale cleaning fluid and oven cleaner. T F

I would hang myself if you would just give me my shoelaces. T F

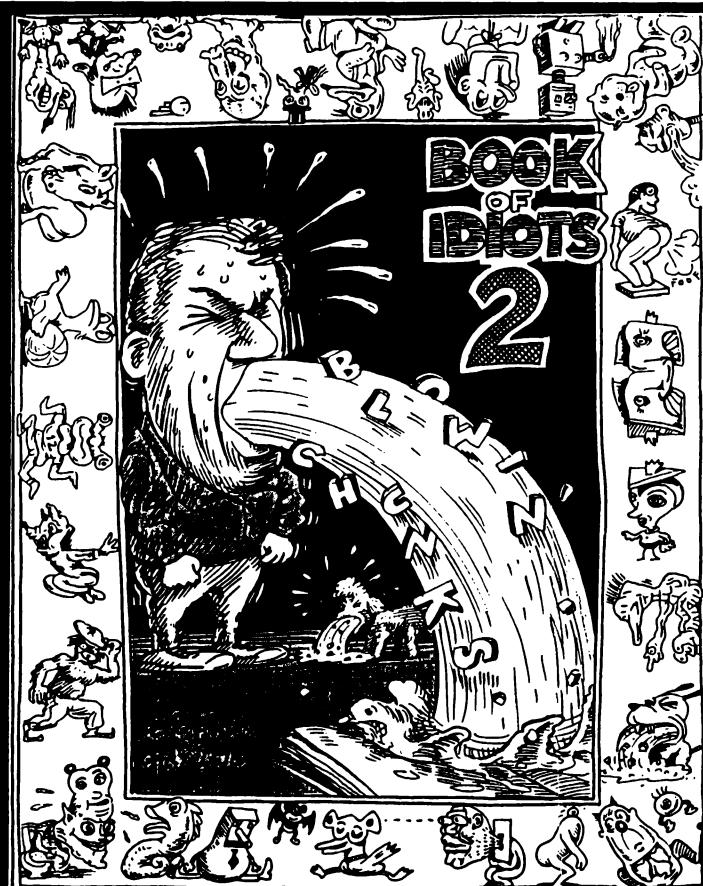
I accidentally utter racial epithets at the worst moments. T F

Something about me seems to make people angry. T F

I frequently repair electric appliances sitting on the metal toilet. T F

I keep more than two pet rats. T F

I have one of those "pretty" faces. You know what I mean. T F



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BAD Or, The Dumbing Of America

Paul Fussell

Touchstone (1992)

by Dom Salemi

Have no idea what's causing your ennui? Confused over your continuing, almost childish craving for mindless entertainment? At a loss for words as to your inability to stay focused on anything more complicated than oh, say, a *Ren and Stimpy* cartoon?

Well, the answer according to Paul Fussell, one of America's foremost men of letters, is simple: you are a moron.

And how did you get this way? Well from watching television for an average of seven hours a day for one thing. And for reading nothing other than second rate newspapers and semi-literate magazines for another. Think I'm making this up? When was the last time you read a book? (No, the *Psychotronic Encyclopedia Of Film* doesn't count. Nor does a *Chilton's Repair Manual*.) Uh huh, thought so. But don't feel bad, you're in the majority. A recent survey showed that 94% of Americans have not cracked the spine of a publication of any kind within the last twelve months.

Fussell believes there is a difference between bad and BAD - which he spells in the upper case - and that learning to recognize the difference is the first step on the road to intellectual fulfillment and spiritual well-being. Toward that end, he has given us *The Dumbing Of America*, a series of brief, engagingly cantankerous essays on everything from advertising to television. I hesitate to use the word "everything" but really, this is what Fussell is taking on, everything: the reality of the philistine, the fashionable and the fascist.

So what is the difference between the merely "bad" and BAD? "Bad" is simply "something no one ever said was good." Like a poke in the eye or poverty. If you're talking about aesthetic matters then you can say that Lawrence Welk makes "bad" music and Julian Schnabel paints (or is that



danny Hellman

talks?) "bad" pictures. BAD is another thing altogether. It is that which is "phony, clumsy, witless, un-talented, vacant or boring and" - read carefully this is the crux of the matter - which many Americans can be persuaded is "genuine, graceful, bright or fascinating."

Once upon a time Michael Weldon was just a cheesy little guy cheesily writing about cheesy little movies. He, his style and his chosen field were "bad." Then a third rate publishing house decided to push Mike and the trashy flicks he loved so and overnight he became a brilliant autodidact writing in an audacious post-modern minimalist style on unjustly ignored screen classics. This is BAD.

Of course, Ballantine books could have pushed poor Michael until they were blue in the face, but he would never have become such an absurd success without the complicity of a credulous American public. A public that, as Fussell correctly notes, is so timid and insecure about relying on their own "decent tastes and instincts that they welcome every possible guru to instruct them about what is good (that is, BAD) and to encourage them to embrace it." Which is not to say that you can't enjoy movies - Fussell refuses to call them films - like *Shanty Tramp* or *Trader Hornee*, just don't confuse them with works of genius like *Citizen Kane* or *The Rules Of The Game*. And for Christ's sake, don't substitute the viewing of such detritus, as Weldon has done, for the reading and study of literary masterpieces. Or for reading period.

Like most truly provocative books, *The Dumbing Of America* is erudite without being ostentatious. It will amuse but never anger because its tone is confident, never smug. Fussell tells you things you know to be true yet may never have coherently expressed to yourself, e.g., why reggae music is so boring; why *soi-disant* intellectuals are even more so; and he tells you in such a way that you relish the telling. Perhaps, most importantly, he leaves you questioning many of your values and beliefs, uncertain that you ever *really* believed or valued those things at all.

end into something we can handle. In any case, the press has gotten awfully adept (though not actually skillful) at a kind of moralistic abstraction. For instance: guy driving a car down Avenue B in Manhattan hits a bicyclist and drags him five whole blocks. Can you picture it? All we're ever told is that the guy behind the wheel has had his license suspended four times. It's an oblique reference to the chaos, the violated state of the victim's body. Sure, it would be much more instructive to be allowed to know the condition of the dead man when this malefic motorist finally released him. But just as Dan Quayle invoked family values after the L.A. riots, the press in New York bumped up the importance of some bureaucratic force, and in this manages to anoint the Department of Motor Vehicles as a defender of the people. And how about that entire self-contained village of secessionist religious fanatics that broiled itself in one of the most singularly violent events this country has seen in the last ten years? The only passion to be found in the telling lay in the contention that the FBI fucked up.

Message: when people die anywhere but in the hospital, it's because some bad father wasn't doing his job. There is plenty of moral outrage surrounding famous crimes and notorious disasters. There is public fury. But there is never any blood. The one or (at the outside) two ways we enter this world are vastly outdone by the stunning variety of ways we can leave it. But we seem to expect to bumble through life without concrete knowledge of either event. A decent police shot of a floater or a gangland rubout victim might traumatize a few solid citizens. Or children, maybe? (Personally, I think that anything that can get the little monsters to quit trying to cut off the cat's tail to see what's inside - and curl up with a newspaper instead - is a great idea.) So what's the story with the invisibility of the effects of crime? Can the public not stand the sight of blood, or are we merely short on curiosity? In any case, humans need to know that death isn't an illusion, it is a fact. But nobody's talking.

Except for Luc Sante. His first book, *Low Life*, a nonfictional account of vice-ridden New York neighborhoods early in this century, showed him to be a romantic of a highly unusual sort. While researching the tome, he prowled through police files in search of stories and statistics. There didn't seem to be any justification for publishing the chillingly anonymous photos that accompanied the tales of murder and decay. Nevertheless, Sante was haunted by the faces and bodies he had discovered. Compiling them all into a coffee table-type book might seem like the act of one dedicated, possessed, a little pervy. But *Evidence* is deep, brave, and uniquely satisfying. It gives us the real story: the manifestation of the danger we imagine is lurking in the tenements many of us now call home. Artists in low-rent urban districts, contemplate your tin ceilings, cheap wainscoting, or-molu fixtures. Who lived in your house when that first layer of pretty wallpaper got slapped on? *Evidence* fills in a lot of spooky blanks.

Evidence

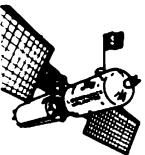
Luc Sante

The Noonday Press (1992)

by Sally Eckhoff

Nobody these days will admit to being fascinated with the physical fact of death. Even a passing interest in the subject is liable to be looked upon as a sign of serious instability. Those of us who think that journalism should be "realer" than TV seem doomed to frustration. It's likely that a long accumulation of requests from the paying public has caused the folks who bring us the news to translate the horrors of life's

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These black-and-white photographs, many of which are made from badly damaged plates, were documented so poorly when they were taken that the writer had to use his own powers of observation to discern what was going on. Working with no police experience or forensic information, Sante had to rely on a keen eye to make sense of the sprawling bodies and spreading stains. We're reassured by his careful explanations that he left out anything that made him queasy. But that's no guarantee that you won't find *Evidence* a supremely, fulfilling grossout. Few of the wealthy made it into the police blotters; fewer of the poor made it into the papers, even when their lives were terminated in notable ways. People died with their big-button shoes on, in wine cellars, in Odd Fellows' Halls, in cramped bedrooms just big enough for a single-size mattress. Victims were shot, stabbed, gassed, and poisoned. Some of the photos depict not bodies but lots strewn with garbage. commendably, Sante included a picture of a murdered dog. Few of the murdered in *Evidence* had ever taken a ride in a car. Most were so shackled by poverty that they read by gaslight, even though the incandescent bulb had already been in existence for two generations by the time most of these photos were taken. All men wore hats, dark suits, pointy shoes. You got

your water from the sink out in the hall. Tenement toilets were shared. Nobody had a bathtub.

Many of these pictures present startling incongruities. One, for instance, shows a female corpse in a prim apartment that is nevertheless manifestly poor. There's a telegraph earphone on the floor next to her head. Her hand is raised, clenched. Her fingers are blackened. A table in the corner is overturned. Without Sante's prompting, you might never notice the details. But they raise questions even he can't answer. What's a telegraph set doing in a private home? What's with her hand? It looks like she could have been electrocuted. But there's no proof. In fact, in another photo of an apparent suicide, there's an ominously important-looking newspaper clipping on the table in the foreground. But the side that bears what we need to see is evidently facing the wrong way, toward the dead woman. The answer seems tantalizingly close, but you cannot reach in and turn that paper over.

A woman found in a park is curled up, face-down. She has been clawing at the ground. Three children lie together on a bed, looking for all the world as if they were fast asleep. In the aftermath of what must have been a particularly wild party, a corpse reclines on some folding chairs. A rustic kitchen looks deserted until your eyes, adjusting to the gloom, happen upon a lovely black and white dog looking out trustingly from under a crude platform bed. What has he just seen? How did those two well-dressed swells wind up at the bottom of an elevator shaft looking like they're dancing on their backs? The act of speculation turns you inward to a warping cycle of questions. How strange that we suddenly know more about these lost souls than our own grandparents, for instance. Who found them? Did they scream?

Sante outdoes his first effort in one significant way: his writing here tackles some delicate psychological issues without turning mushy as it did from time to time in *Low Life*. He is perceptive about his voyeurism without being apologetic. Best of all, he gives us an opportunity afforded nowhere else: to stand and stare. It's a lot better than knowing what's inside the cat's tail, and it answers that same curiosity, that same need. This book may be as close as you get, barring some spectacular and regrettable event, to knowing the resistance of flesh and the way bodies in motion tend to become bodies at rest. A TV journalist interviewed on an after-hours talk show during Operation Desert Storm remarked that war correspondence no longer seems to attract the best and the brightest of the Fourth Estate. The same can certainly be said of those who cover the crime beat in the New York dailies. Culturally mandated deprivation of sensation and its gory catalysts don't help us become more human or more kind. Dying appears to be as imminent as winning the lottery. Sante has brought something essential into public view, and gorehounds won't be the only ones to get a charge out of it. The truth, after all this time, is sweet.

The Celebrity Phone Book

Scott & Barbara Siegel

The Address Book

Michael Levine

by Stately Wayne Manor

Where have you gone, Joe Dimaggio? The answer's right there on page ninety: Sheridan Street in Hollywood, Florida.

The Celebrity Phone Book (henceforth referred to as *The CPB*) and *The Address Book* (*The AB*) provide information on contacting thousands of hot shots in the entertainment, sports, literary and political arenas. Although neither book is flawless, all zine writers, autograph hounds, groupies and wiseacres should consider adding one or both to their personal libraries.

Let's examine the pros and cons of each individually. *The CPB* - which, despite its title, includes addresses as well - is the quantity champ with "more than 4,250 famous people" in its role call. Of the two books, *The CPB* has the greater number of no-longer-A-List entries, e.g. Foster Brooks, Sandra Dee, Joey Heatherton and Leo Sayer. That can either be a plus or a minus, depending on the reader's requirements.

The BIG problem with the 1990-copyrighted *CPB* is that many of its entries are outdated. People die, athletes switch teams, politicos are voted out: that's understandable. However, I wrote to Darren McGavin, Caesar Romero, Shari Belafonte and Richard Jaeckel concerning their roles in sci-fi junk films; and, all but one was returned by the post office, undeliverable to the addresses in *The CPB*.

That does not mean 75% of *all* listings are duds. But it does indicate that *CPB* users would be well-served to phone-verify addresses before expending time and effort on letters.

Telephone verification is out of the question with *The AB* - because no phone numbers are listed. Then again, a book with a 1993 copyright should be fairly accurate.

The AB's cover pledges "direct access to over 3,500 celebrities, corporate execs, and other VIPs." It is in the last two categories that *The AB* outshines *The CPB*. While the latter limits itself to U.S. government officials and only a handful of bizworld poobahs, the former furnishes the addresses of everyone from the President of Sierra Leone to the CEO of Teledyne.

(As an added bonus *The AB* lists the role models from the national pro wrestling promotions. Hooray! In an inexcusable oversight, omitted are such inspirational athletes as, "bang bang," Cactus Jack and, "wooo," Rick Flair. Boo!)

It was noted above that *The CPB* contained more of the "folksy" stars. That does not imply *The AB* is limited to the coke-and-limo set. *Dungeon Master* magazine, American Association Of Aardvark Aficionados,

Man Will Never Fly Memorial Society, Bozo The Clown, stripper Beverlee Hills, Charlie Manson, Penn & Teller, Bruno Kirby, Richard Mulligan and Sally Kirkland appear between the covers.

An intriguing aspect of *The AB* is the author's invitation to "play an active role in this procedure. If you are a notable in any field, or know someone who is, send the name, mailing address and some documentation of the notability . . . for possible inclusion in our next edition." No doubt the majority of the *Brutarian* staff will be recognized in the 1995 directory. (Publication is biennial.)

A knock against *The AB* is that, unlike *The CPB*, there is nothing to indicate most film-TV stars' mail is actually being sent to their agents. A potential buyer thumbing through the book might think 151 El Camino Drive in Beverly Hills is Actress A's home, when in actuality it's the William Morris Agency. Besides being somewhat misleading - though not necessarily by design - the exclusion of the agency name makes it impossible to obtain a phone number through directory assistance.

On the other hand, virtually all performers' addresses in *The CPB* are care of an agency, whereas many in *The AB* are personal post office boxes. Using Clint Eastwood as an example, the *CPB* lists his production company on the Warner Brothers' lot; *The AB*, a P.O. box in Clint's Carmel hometown. Obviously, the Carmel box is the most direct pipeline to correspond with the Magnum Man. (That is, if you feel lucky. Well, do you, punk?)

Because the authors don't want to encourage readers to pester the notables, none mention two other uses for the books. First, by observing which agencies appear most frequently, the starstruck can ascertain the most likely place to spot their idols in the flesh. Cheese and beefcake fanciers might want to stake out International Creative Management (8899 Beverly Blvd., L.A.) whose clients include Roseanna Arquette, Jacqueline Bisset, Julie Christie, Jennifer Connelly, Jamie Lee Curtis, Kevin & Matt Dillon, Jennifer Jason Leigh, Nick Nolte, Michelle Pfeiffer, Mercedes Ruehl, Winona Ryder and Greta Scacchi.

Secondly, the directories drip with potential for the creative smartass. Thank Kenny G for curing your insomnia, give Arnold Palmer unsolicited golf pointers, reprimand Robin Leach for never profiling you, send a collage of negative reviews to hated performers . . . the possibilities are as limitless as the writer's imagination. Death threats and such are ill-advised as Domino's does not deliver to federal penitentiaries.

So which book is superior? It depends upon your communication medium. If immediate feedback is imperative, as in the case of someone wishing to arrange an interview, pick up *The Celebrity Phone Book* and let your fingers do the walking. Conversely, those who prefer written correspondence should go with *The Address Book* for its wider variety of principals and more recent copyright. Better yet, get them both!

Too Cool

Gene Sculatti (ed)

St. Martin's Press (1993)

ReSearch 14: Incredibly Strange Music Vol. I

Andrea Vale and James Juno (ed)

ReSearch (1993)

by Dom Salemi

A few years ago, while attending one of those inane horror-sci-fi conventions, I found myself in an argument with a fanzine publisher over what is and what constitutes: COOL. What had started our donnybrook were a few seemingly innocent comments on my part concerning the pathetic character of most of the convention's attendees and participants. The fanzine editor was horrified. Didn't I know that some of these people were the foremost experts in their respective fields - nevermind that the fields included Japanese monster movies and *Star Trek* memorabilia - and had been published in numerous magazines? How dare I set myself up as an arbiter of "cool" amongst these scholars of detritus. These were the real "cool" people, daddy-o, true martyrs sacrificing career, family and romance in order to give themselves fully to the study of trash. So what if most of these mavens of the moronic were inarticulate grotesques with poor social skills. They were hip and I was not.

I tried to defuse the situation by shrugging off the editor's goofy diatribe telling him in no uncertain terms that I really didn't care about the matter one way or another and wasn't that the essence of "cool" when you really stopped and thought about it? Still, my enraged critic could not, and would not, be pacified. "Say what you want, Dom," was his curt response, "but you're not 'cool.' Dennis Hopper is 'cool.' You're no Dennis Hopper. Think about that."

Naturally, I didn't "think" about it. Nobody at the convention was Dennis Hopper. If they were, Dennis wouldn't be getting paid millions of dollars to appear in crap like *Sunset Heat*. Secondly, this publisher was a fellow who thought Andy Milligan, a Staten Island filmmaker - I use the term loosely - and the auteur of such classics as *The Ghastly Ones* and *The Rats Are Coming! The Werewolves Are Here!* the equal of Orson Welles. Why even attempt to "think" like that. It could result in irreparable brain damage.

But I was angry and I knew without even having to "think" that the reason for my ire was this: the pedagogue who had just given me this effete dressing-down was almost the complete antithesis of "cool."

Then again, maybe I wasn't "cool." Maybe I didn't know what "cool" was. Yeah, but I definitely knew what WASN'T "cool." And this asshole wasn't. For one thing he was incredibly ugly. So much so that I

was embarrassed to be even seen talking to him in public. I began to calm down. I had just discovered one of the key attributes of "cool." "Cool" is beautiful.

I pondered some more. If my antagonist was the essence of anti-cool, then to unlock the secrets of "cool" I merely needed to focus on attributes of his that annoyed me. Once I had discerned what they were, I merely had to look to their opposites to discover the hallmarks of "cool." Okay, goddamn, now I was cooking with gas! Go baby go!

Alright, so what else about this loathsome fuck irritated me. Let's see . . . Yes, he was pretentious. This pedant carried himself with an insufferable air of seriousness. That certainly wasn't "cool." "Cool" is self-deprecating. It may shout "Look at me!" yet it does so with a knowing wink. That's why Ric Flair - hell, the whole concept of wrestling - and Little Richard are "cool" while Michael Jackson and pro football are not. (Were you really so surprised to find Michael Jackson hosting the half-time festivities at the most recent Super Bowl? No. Of course not. It was a perfect match: the unwatchable meeting the unlistenable.)

Finally, and perhaps, most irritatingly, this malignant misogynist's least endearing quality was his peremptoriness. He never really talked "to" you. Every time his misshapen mouth opened, a command or theory would sally forth. Almost by definition, every syllable uttered was: THE LAW. Discourse was impossible.

Once, after having had the temerity to voice the opinion that the sequel to *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* was, in many ways, better than the original, I watched this man purse his lips magisterially and then stentorously inform me that if I really believed that to be true then I had best see a psychologist because I was clearly mad. Now that wasn't "cool." A "cool" person would have snidely said something like: "Oh, and I suppose you thought *Psycho II* was better than Hitchcock's pitiful effort." In other words, "cool" isn't about arguing, it's about openness and malleability. It may not care what people say about it but it's always willing to enter into entertaining dialogue. "Cool" is capricious; its adherents are mercurial. Thus a study of "cool" is an oxymoron. Not to mention a monumental waste of time.

And that's why I love *Too Cool*: it only pretends to be a discourse on the subject. The real concern, the real focus of Sculatti's tome is the "cool" ness of the contributors. Which is okay by me as the book is written, for the most part, in a nutty post-modern style, a pastiche of fifties beat and sixties boss-drag and it's filled with lots of witty faux-erudition. Ostensibly a miniature reference guide to *au courant* garbage, *Too Cool* is really a collection of snide panegyrics to some of the more dubious achievements in the arts (including the artless field of television); as well as things and people that say "something smart or weird or uncannily appropriate or [that] tosses some genuine joy



at the world." In other words, anything Mr. Sculatti and his staff thinks is hip at the present time.

And that's alright too, because the people involved in this project don't care whether they have good taste or the right taste or bad taste; all they're interested in is arousing passion for things near and dear their hearts in the most economical and entertaining way. So what's the difference if in the movie section we're told not to miss such disasters as *So Fine*, *The Chase* or *Penn & Teller Get Killed*? We're getting these recommendations with that lopsided grin and knowing wink that says to us, "Yeah, okay, I could be wrong. Let's have a few beers and some laughs while we talk about it." I also like the fact that Sculatti and company have had the good sense not to turn *Too Cool* into a celebration of the arcane. Sure they discuss Lautreamont and Korla Pandit - and they should since these guys were so cool they could have lived comfortably on Pluto! - but most of the subjects celebrated are ones with which you will be, no doubt, readily familiar. Yeah, I know what you're thinking: if I already know about these things why should I buy this book?

Well, the beauty of *Too Cool* (aside from the layout and the terrific photos and cartoon illustrations from the likes of Ric Altergott, Drew Friedman and Peter Bagge) is that like most great works of literature it tells you, in a fresh new way, things you probably hadn't thought about (at least not meaningfully) in a

long time. Like this, for instance, about the Jesus & Mary Chain: "An entire band-unit dedicated to the (fairly supportable) proposition that 'Sweet Jane' is the coolest tune of all time." Well, you may not agree with that (actually I think if you asked the Reids they would say "Sister Ray" is the coolest tune of all time) and you may not even *like* the Jesus and Mary Chain but in a nutshell, that's the essence of the band's appeal. Those earnest limeys do try their damnedest to sound like a minimal version of VU. Or how about this little take on *l'essence du shpritz*: "The shpritz surfs along the twilight edge of a free jazz solo and a rugged blast of rock 'n' roll energy . . . [it] runs on freedom and fluidity, the uncanny ability to both accelerate and stop on a dime and respond to the moment." Exactly.

The only complaint I have with *Too Cool* is that it measures nine by six and even at that it's still a relatively slim volume. That's not enough. A book this enjoyable should have more stuff in it. Still, in the final analysis, I have to give this thing two thumbs up. Any offering whose every page shouts "Look at me!" with such an air of hysterical indifference is worth its weight in gold. Fortunately for you, St. Martin's Press is charging considerably less.

Whereas *Too Cool* wants to hip the reader to things delectable and delightful, post-modern pedants V. Vale and Andrea Juno have a more insidious aim: to enlist the uneducated and the unwary in a revolutionary movement of their own devise. Here's their pitch: Too much "music" in Mozart? Too much cant in Kant? Is Freud a fraud? Well ladies and germs, not to worry, just put your mind at rest forever, step right up and get on board the DULL TRAIN. Yes, soothe your frazzled, illiterate nerves with the musical pablum and ephemera from the fifties and sixties. Pay no attention to the jeers and catcalls emanating from the platform. Only the terminally unhip call this stuff garbage. We non-squares know that it's anything but. In fact it's: *Incredibly Strange Music!*

And don't worry about boneheads with PhDs making fun of you. The authors have provided you with several fatuous theories to combat the slings and arrows launched by such sententious philistines. "Yes, this may be garbage to some," you can say before putting on that Les Baxter record, "but in merely sifting through the refuse of society, I'm making a radical political statement. I'm refusing to conform to established notions of taste and thereby throwing off the artificially imposed bonds of culture which in and of itself is a form of repression." I tell myself this too when I don't want to admit that I'm wasting my time with something.

Or how about the redefining the self angle: "I'm going to acquire the stuff that society says is worthless. Since our community values and defines us by what we own, I'll be creating a new, subversive identity." No, you won't. You're merely using the standards of the community to establish yourself as its garbage man.

My favorite tact is the hedonist argument: "Hey, this stuff is fun. But we're told that it can't be art because art isn't fun; its hard work. You have to work to understand it and work to make it. So let's all worship Bert Convy and call what he does art. Then art will be fun again." My answer: A thing acquires the status of art because it is difficult. This is why Pablo Picasso got all the beautiful and intelligent women and you have to consort with prostitutes.

Look, with me it's like this. I'm thirty-seven years old and I grew up with a lot of this stuff. My parents were into everything. I heard Bert Kaempfert, Xavier Cugat and Prez Prado in the morning, that suburban primitive muzak at cocktail hour and later in the evening Frank Sinatra, Tony Bennett and Jackie Gleason and his orchestra. On weekends my brother and I would make up steps to all those "How To" and "Introducing The" dance records. You know, the ones with those backdrops of solid slabs of highly saturated colors in front of which couples struck ridiculously artificial poses that were supposed to represent dancers in the throes of barely contained exotic, high-stepping passion. So, I love this music! But hey, let's not kid ourselves; it's crap. These sounds do not ennoble the mind or enrich the soul. These recordings do not even provide a catharsis or instill a fugue state the way the best rock and roll does. Nor does it take you anywhere. No. This "music" is firmly rooted in the here and now. It's square and that's why when I and my friends put any of this (alright, most of it, are you happy now?) nonsense on our superannuated turntables it's only after we've had a couple of dozen brews. And even then it's played just for laughs.

You think I'm being too harsh? Then why do the Cramps and Billy and Miriam A-Bone spend so much of their interview discussing subjects other than musical flotsam? In fact, this tactful avoidance of the subject is what makes the Q and A's with the aforementioned duos such interesting reading. And on the other hand, the willingness to discuss the recorded works of such visionaries as the Brady Bunch and the Sugar Bear cartoon character by the likes of putative author Mike Wilkins, snowglobe collector Gil Ray and professional idiot Mary Ricci (the book features exchanges with non-celebs obviously included to pad out the volume and give some free publicity to the author's friends) is what makes most of *Strange Music* so tedious and uninteresting. So now you're probably asking yourself as I did initially: Why? Why this celebration of cheapness and stupidity? Why this rhapsodizing over the ordinary? Why the confusion of the non-commercial and non-participatory with the artistic?

Well you have to remember first of all, that we're talking about people who are unable to discriminate. People who have no idea what good "is" so their criterion becomes that which is or was non-commercial, non-participatory. Never mind that much of this stuff was originally mass-produced as marginal product. The irony of assembly-line individuality made special

by the "individualist" of today is lost on the undiscriminating.

Secondly, the adoption or transmutation of dross into gold arouses in the transformer a sense of accomplishment, a feeling of having achieved something. No longer the suspicion of ordinariness, life is now worth it, worth it after all. A great discovery has been made and as you are one of the few who have made this discovery this confirms you as a very special and intelligent being. And because no one cares enough to contradict you, you are of course relatively safe from contradiction.

Now, inured to criticism you grow bold in your position. This attracts others, equally undiscriminating, who are impressed with your new-found erudition, your newly-acquired self-possession. Suddenly, you find yourself the leader, or one of the leaders, of a burgeoning movement. And as the little Duce of the moment, you find it quite easy to intimidate the geeks and losers who desperately want to belong and who can - sort of - if they toe your party line, attend your conventions, subscribe to your magazine, buy your book and generally give themselves over to ingratiating and satisfying your inordinate and capricious demands.

Yes! Once again, all aboard for the last train to Dorksville! Hop on before it's too late. Who cares if it's a long slow ride to nowhere. Hop on and be part of something that's NOW daddy!

But as you look around the crowded car - a smoker naturally - something begins to nag at you: Too many people have got on board for the ride. And that's not "cool." The minority is now the majority. So whether you just bought a ticket or whether you're one of the conductors, no matter, you're going to have to jump off what is now a bandwagon before the inevitable backlash begins. Jump off and start a new trend, a "new cool." Psychotherapists and philosophical realists call this phenomenon: psychosis.

In the case of "zines" for example, this means recognizing that, by and large, these home grown publications are largely unreadable. With toys, plastic model kits, baseball cards, comic books and the like, this means recognizing that just because something brings back pleasant memories of childhood it is not necessarily intrinsically valuable or beautiful. Or the desire to collect such rubbish anything other than an infantile need to recreate your parent's basement in your apartment. And as concerns the burgeoning *Incredibly Strange Music* movement, this means getting off the locomotive before it picks up a full head of steam.

So go ahead, have the courage of your, not others', convictions. Like what you like. Build yourself your own little world, as Ivy and Lux have done, and make yourself the king or queen of it. Just don't try to build a movement around it with yourself as Führer. Otherwise you end up writing deadly dull books like Vale and Juno's tome and boring discriminating and

sensitive people like myself. People who might even have been attracted to some of your garbage if you had been intelligent and honest enough to address the subject in a humorous and engaging manner. It's no accident that *Too Cool* says more about the subject in three pages than *Incredibly Strange Music* does in almost two hundred. That's because Sculatti and associates don't take their trash seriously. They know it stinks.

Poverty Row Horrors

Tom Weaver

McFarland (1992)

by Dom Salemi

Fangoria staff writer Tom Weaver has a lot of nerve. Not only did he pen a scholarly paen to jejune and imbecilic forties horror films but he also had the temerity to claim, somewhere therein, that I am a plagiarist. A charge that might have carried a little more weight if his own work had been graced with a bibliography. Mr Weaver also criticized yours truly for claiming familiarity with most of the low budget horrors he discusses - while in the same breath admitting that "rare is the dyed-in-the-wool horror fan who hasn't seen just about every last one of [these films] repeatedly . . . [as they] turn up regularly on television."

As a disinterested and dispassionate critic, I am ready to forgive the author, who has never met me by the way, for impugning my spotless integrity. For offering this recondite study of motion pictures that are, as Mr. Weaver readily admits, "sloppily written, ultra cheap and rapidly made," there can be no absolution.

Because these films are still avidly watched (albeit by a small audience), Mr. Weaver maintains that they must possess a "certain something." He is however too lazy to attempt a definition. This does not stop him from scrutinizing thirty-one horror movies made by Monogram, PRC and Republic between the years 1940 and 1946; twenty-five of which, are almost unwatchable without the aid of the fast forward button on your remote control.

Tom, let me make it easy for you. The people you know still watch these films because it allows them to feel superior, intelligent and confident. Thus bolstered these basement dwellers - the basement in their parents' house of course - boldly seek out other sub-normals who share their opinions and endomorphic body shape. So large has this movement of demi-humans become that trade shows have sprung up to serve their pathetic needs. These "extravagan-zas" cloak themselves in titular grandeur in a feckless attempt to disguise their true intent (a meeting place for the socially and intellectually retarded) to no avail. No well dressed, well read person would be caught anywhere in the vicinity of a DR. WHO FESTIVAL or

a WEEKEND OF HORRORS. Unless he or she was highly paid.

On the other hand, people like me - fashionable, smart and well-heeled - do take a cursory glance at these pathetic pieces of cinematic kitsch from time to time. Why? Because these flicks are so irredeemably abysmal that they fascinate in their very wretchedness. No, it doesn't make us feel superior. We know we are superior: we are wealthy, beautiful and possessed of much leisure time. We are as Gods and the striving of the truly loutish and insignificant bring us great pleasure. Look Tom, have you ever tuned in to a broadcast of an old Lawrence Welk show on public television? Have you ever turned it off? Of course not. That's because bottom of the barrel entertainment exerts the same strange hold on the intelligent and gifted as does a work of pure genius.

Which is my roundabout way of telling you that Mr. Weaver is an intelligent and discerning man. So it isn't too surprising that there is an almost pathological effort on his part to refrain from making extravagant claims for these penny-dreadful horrors. While this may alienate the putative audience for whom the book was written, it makes, for me, lively, entertaining and informative reading. I could have done with a little more in the way of critical analysis and less in the way of plot summary. Still, you do run the risk of looking silly when discussing theme and semiotics with movies like *Spooks Run Wild* and *Revenge Of The Zombies*. Weaver knows this too, and has sagely come to the conclusion that discretion in this area is obviously the better part of valor. The result? A book far more interesting than the subject deserves. I think if Tom ever started hanging out with a crowd like mine he could probably produce an astonishing work of film criticism. Of course, in its own weird way this book is also rather astonishing. Astonishing and yet appealing. Just like these films. I'm glad I own the volume.

A final note: the welcome appendices include a detailed filmography of the great and not so great, an engaging discussion of excluded pictures like *The Brute Man* and *Macbeth* as well as some solicited comments from experts in the field, none of whom are my friends.



QUICK

LIE TO ME - David Martin (1991) *Pocket Books*: One of the sickest things we've read in ages finds a burnt out, fifty-three year old rummy cop tracking a frighteningly insane psycho slasher known only as the Lipstick Killer. Martin's monstrous anti-hero is so marvelously repulsive, his crimes so unspeakably vile - he carries body parts of his female victims as *memento mori* - that it's possible you'll fail to

notice the novel's deft plotting, twisted storyline and economically drawn characters. Nauseating yet compelling, *Lie To Me* will have you throwing the book against the wall in disgust one moment and then guiltily picking it up a minute later anxiously turning the pages in hope of resolution. DS

THE WHITECHAPEL HORRORS - Edward B. Hanna (1992) *Carroll & Graf*: This suspenseful and utterly engrossing first novel by a Peabody award winning journalist finds Sherlock Holmes running after Jack The Ripper. Those familiar with either the film *Murder By Decree* or some of the more popular theories concerning the identity of Ripping Jack will nevertheless be delighted by the ingenuity the author employs in unfolding his story.

And those familiar with the case histories of one Dr. John H. Watson will marvel at how assuredly Mr. Hanna is able to mimic the erudite diction, the earnest but slightly pompous tone and the evocative abilities of Holmes' emenensis. DS



READS

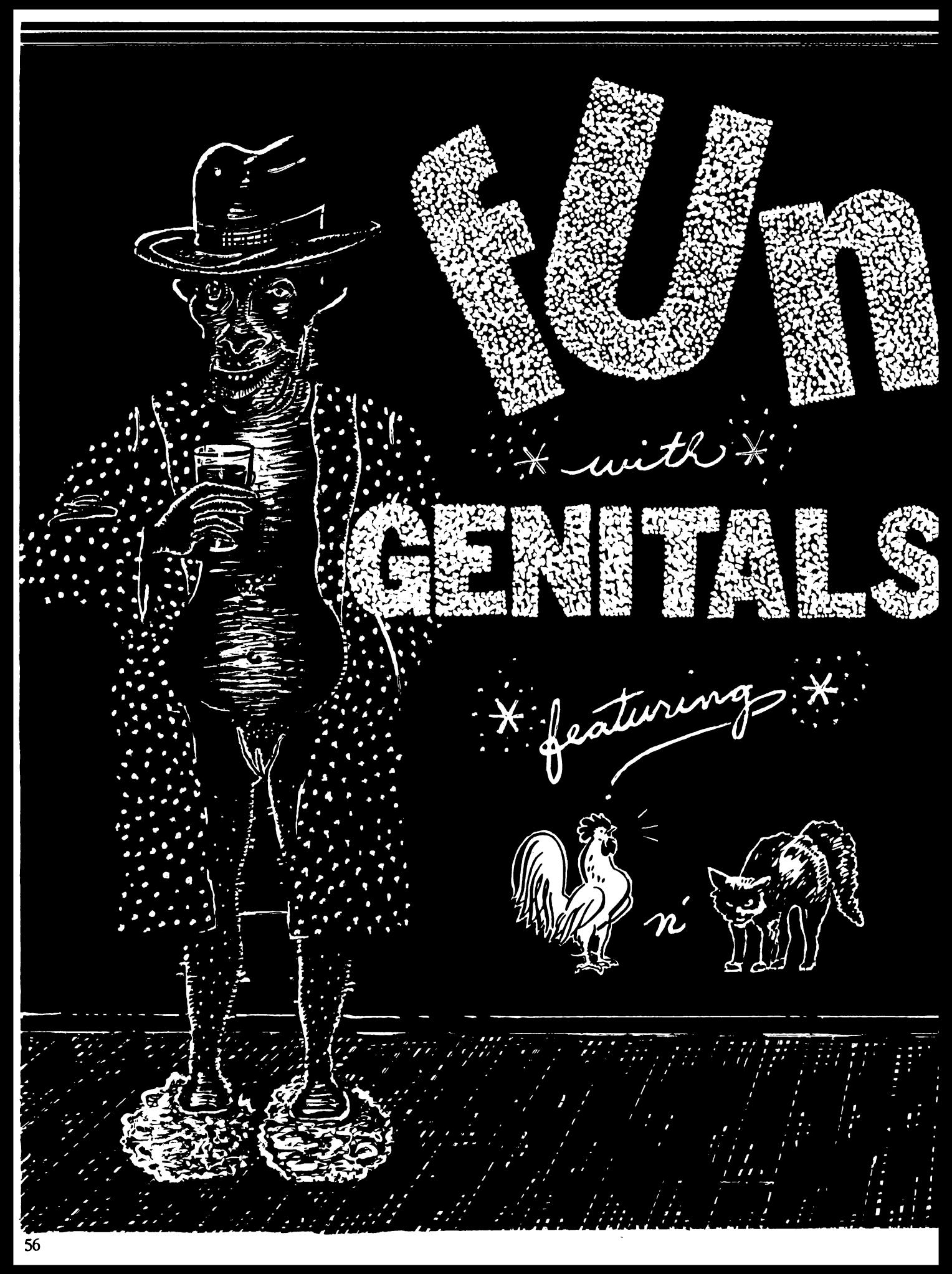
NATIVE TONGUE - Carl Hiaasen (1992) *Fawcett*: Someone has stolen the rare blue tongued mango voles from Francis X. Kingsbury's Amazing Kingdom of Thrills, an amusement park on North Key Largo. Well, actually they're not blue tongued voles and Francis Kingsbury is really Frankie King a former small time Mob racketeer turned stoolie, and his thrill kingdom is a shoddy Disney knock-off that isn't very thrilling. None of which matters to an imperturbable, ex-muckraking newspaper reporter named Joe Winder. He's been hired as PR man at Kingsbury's park for a tidy sum and his job is damage control. But when the vole's trainer comes up missing after a visit from Kingsbury's security people, Winder decides to do a little digging. Digging which almost turns out to be his own grave. Hiaasen is a hysterically funny writer who is not only a terrific storyteller but a masterful creator of comic characters. His Pedro Luz, to cite just one example, is a wonderful invention, a monstrous pithecanthropoid so vivid, so risibly repugnant, as to be almost Rabelaisian. DS

THE MONSTER SHOW - David J. Skal (1993) *Norton*: Even the flyleaf writers are confused by the book. First they describe it as an "ambitious and entertaining history" of horror and then perhaps, realizing what a bald faced lie that is, they cover their tracks by telling us that this is really a study of the links between "horror entertainment and the great social crises of our time." And because Skal is a decent writer, and because he is well read and finally, because he is gay (which has nothing to do with anything but seems to scare the shit out of publishing houses), all of the trade publications have showered this fitfully entertaining series of loosely connected essays with reams of praise. A few interesting points are made along the way but generally, the author makes a complete botch of chapters organized around such intriguing themes as the fascination with deformity, the horrors of WW I and its concomitant absorption with disfiguring wounding and AIDS as anxious influence. Avid horror fans and psychotronic philistines will come away shaking their heads at a purported "history" that barely mentions Hammer,

contains nothing on spook rides or shows and has nothing to say about the burgeoning international zine movement wholly devoted to the subject. DS

THE FLOWERS OF EVIL & PARIS SPLEEN - Charles Baudelaire (1991) *BOA Editions, Trans. William H. Crosby*: Rimbaud said, "So many egoists consider themselves poets." Consider, if you will, poseurs - whom we nevertheless love - such as Patti Smith, Lou Reed, T. S. Eliot - profoundly influenced by this "symbolist" poet. Dead of syphilis at forty-six, consumed by a love-hate relationship with his mother, he walked on the wild side long before Nelson Algren deemed it fashionable. Now we have a translation that gives monstrous sense to all this ugliness. Ah, pour strong liquors down your throats, dance naked with the curtains opened in your pitifully furnished apartments, rail against beauty seated upon your knees; your education is incomplete until you have carefully perused the works of this poor damned soul. DS

FROM THE VELVETS TO THE VOIDOIDS: A PRE-PUNK HISTORY FOR A POST-PUNK WORLD - Clinton Heylin (1993) *Penguin*: Who came first, the Sex Pistols or Richard Hell? In other words, did the "punk" movement originate in England or in America? Clinton Heylin puts this almost two decades old controversy to bed forever and in the process administers a much needed critical spanking to British revisionist historians who would have us believe that this reactionary crusade sprang full blown from the head of foppish manques like Malcolm McLaren. Judiciously interjecting comments and anecdotes from avatars and major players as well as from poseurs and losers into his narrative, Heylin manages to capture the enthusiasm and drive which characterized the moment prior to the birth and almost instantaneous absorption coopting, commercialization and collapse of "punk" as a recognized phenomenon. In the process we are left with an informative and fairly entertaining read, one that almost manages to convince us that the concept of rock history and a rock pantheon isn't an absurdity. DS

A black and white illustration of a man in a trench coat and fedora hat, holding a glass, standing in a puddle.

fun

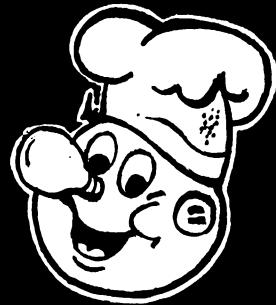
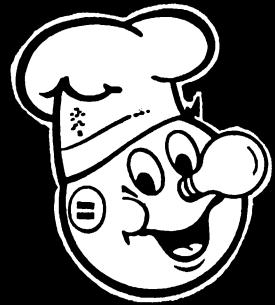
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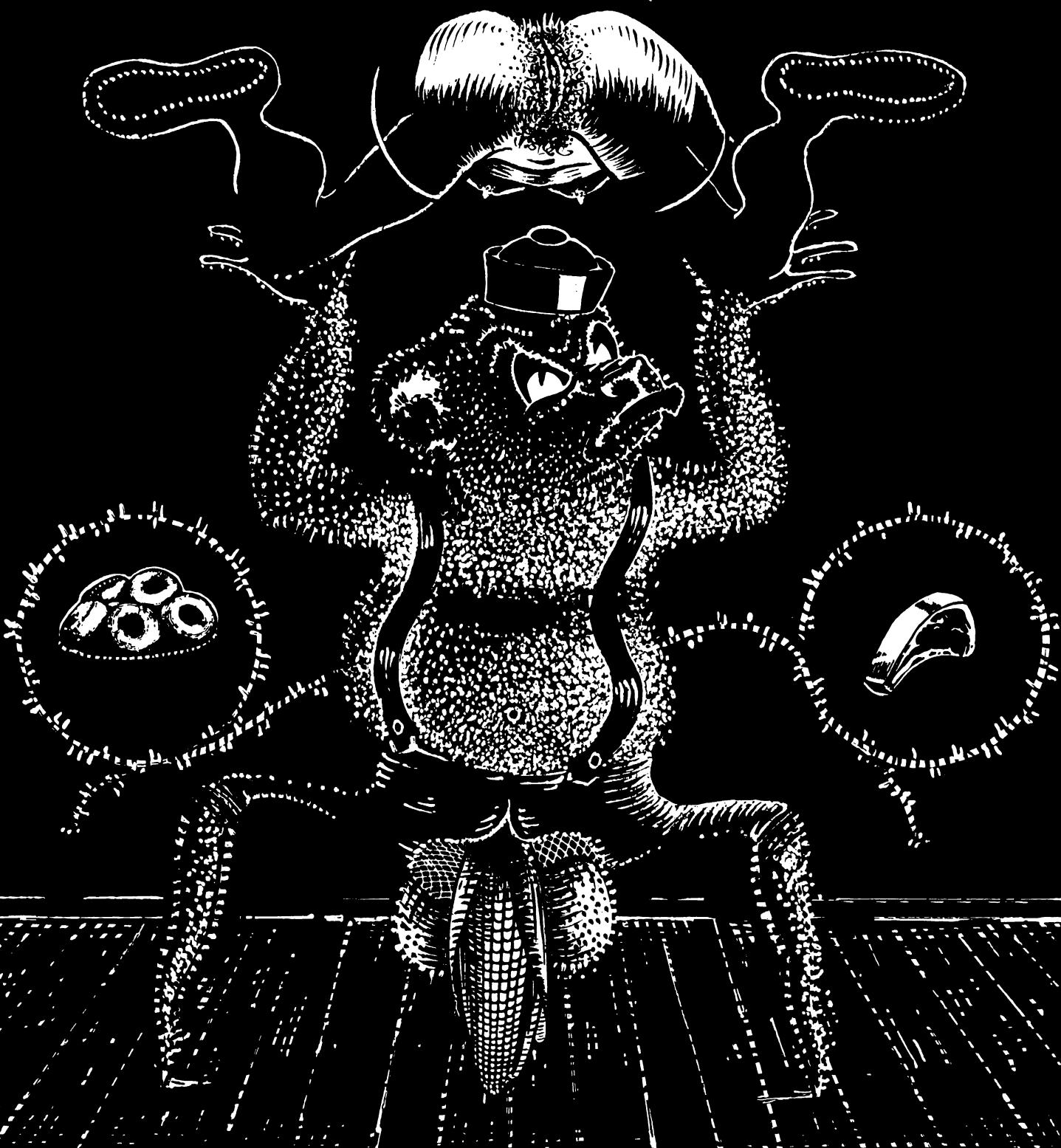
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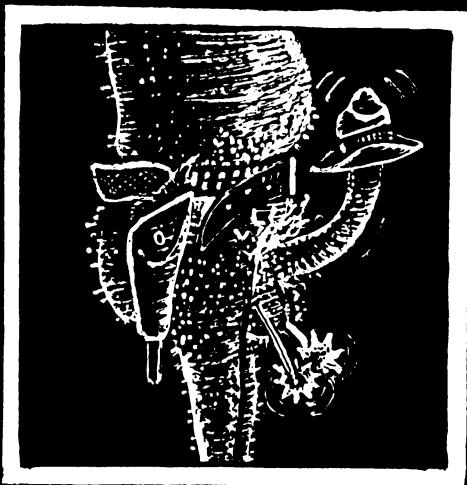


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Chris Regala (cr) Dom Salemi (ds)

danny Hellman

The Meatmen - Stud Powercock: The Touch And Go Years 1981-1984: Before Pearl Jam made slam-dancing acceptable, the mighty Tesco Vee and The Meatmen bashed out their politically-incorrect brand of scumfuc punk to the dirty ears of any scuzz-ball who would listen. Comping cuts from 81-84, Stud Powercock, with its many "repeat" tracks ("Orgy Of One" is given to us three times), is more suited for die-hard fans (Are there any?) than casual admirers, and being of the latter persuasion, I'll have to pass on this. Notwithstanding, this is loud, fast, funny, sloppy and punk-as-hell offensive. Yeah, they're THE MEATMEN and you suck, but thankfully, they suck too, and like the prurient photo on the inner sleeve (A used condom, swimming in cum and pubic hair, proudly sporting a MEATMEN logo), they exist solely to shock and disgust the aforementioned Pearl Jam jerks. Well, suck-a-dick, man. That's what "punk-rock" is (or should be all about), and the 39 tracks contained herein accomplish this task admirably. And all you "lefties" should keep in mind, that if you're repulsed and disgusted by this record, that's precisely why it was made. It's all your fault, dammit. Maybe Tesco was right, you do suck! (Touch & Go) bj

Gorilla - Deal With It: A band fronted by two doctors? Right! And I'm a lawyer. Oh wait. That's right. I am a lawyer. Alright then, as your attorney I advise you to slap/slip this former Sub Pop-Estrus band's disc on/in your CD player. That's assuming, however, that you like peppy, unaffected, non-Fleshtones' type garage rock leavened with loutish guitar solos, raspy vocals and fab Vox colorings. Yes, it's frat rock for those who would rather drink ("This Shot's For You"), do drugs ("Zero Street") or masturbate (the hidden meaning behind all Gorilla's songs about girls) than go to class or to home games. And you gotta love a combo whose solution to life's many travails is to: "Take A Nap." Worth buying for the cool populuxe cover alone. (Thrill Jockey, Box 1527, Peter Stuyvesant Station, NY, NY 10009) ds

Give My Love To Rose (and my dick to Mary Ann) or: Getting Paid With Cash - A Longstanding Romance or: The Essential Johnny Cash 1955-1983:

(Setting is a porch swing, sticky summer night, rural Pennsylvania)

Billy: Y'know, I sure do like that Johnny Cash . . .

Jenny: Gee, Billy, it's awfully warm tonight . . .

Billy: . . . the dirt-simple arrangements, the ground-zero sincerity, the . . .

Jenny: Billy!

Billy: Huh?

Jenny: There's peace in my valley for you tonight.

Billy: Shit-damn? Let's hit the hayloft!

(Curtain)

(Setting is a bedroom, winter night, rural Pennsylvania)

Billy: Hey! Just bought the new Johnny Cash, real cowboy singin'!

Susie: Gee, Billy, it's powerfully cold in here tonight . . .

Billy: Man! The vitality of these live cuts, it's just . . .

Susie: Billy!

Billy: Huh?

Susie: I understand the man. Now get over here and do me.

Billy: Bull Rider indeed! Alright!

(Curtain)

(Setting is the balcony of an apartment overlooking the Potomac River)

Billy: Check out this Johnny Cash box-set, it's happenin'!

Sandy: Gee, Billy, it's mighty humid tonight . . .

Billy: Y'know honey, I love you and though I'm past 32 . . .

Sandy: . . . there are still some things that you didn't do . . .

Billy: . . . and I will rock and roll with you . . .

(Both): We have to.

(They head to the bedroom)

(Curtain)

END. (Columbia) bd

Baiter Space - Robot World: Somewhere around here I have a bunch of clever one-liners about how overrated the New Zealand Scene really is. There's also a list of names to drop (I know the Bats and Barbara Manning were on there) in order to prove I'm a done-seen-it-all kinda guy whose opinion is more valid than yours, fanboy. But right now I'm listening to the new Baiter Space LP and I can't get up. Robot World is just so goddamn heavy. Not like they tuned their instruments down and thanked the Melvins, like dense and blurry and heart-wrenching. Somebody said "concept album" but I'm too caught up in this soothingly furious guitar storm to pay attention to the lyrics (and the heavily effected sea-of-reverb vocals don't help me focus). Somebody else said "Sonic Youth and My Bloody Valentine" but even I'm not that lazy, and stuff like "Beggin'" and "Morning" is way too sincere to be that trite (I'll regret this in a few months when Baiter Space is signed to DGC). I really should find their press kit and tell you what a super group we're dealing with and all their favorite colors but when you listen to this album you'll cherish the mystery. So here's my review: "The Alan Parsons Project of the 90's," and I mean that in a good way. (Matador) al

Iron Maiden - A Real Live One: Friday night me and my fiancee were lying around my pad "testing" red wines. Bored. We do this because we have a lot of class and, mostly because our friends don't like us. Maiden's mordacious mass-anthem metal wasn't doing much for us until I stood up to crank the volume for "Bring Your Daughter To The Slaughter," blacked out, and cut the bridge of my nose on the coffee table. The fiancee rushed to my side. Things were looking up. They always do from the floor. (Capitol) sj

Les Thugs - Still Hungry: French pop-punk hailed as a heroic recusation of the art lost with the demise of the great Undertones, the Only Ones, the Boys et al. The fiancee says they sound more like Flock Of Seagulls. And she is French. I wouldn't hail these clowns if they were driving a cab, but I do sort of like them. (Sub Pop) sj

Mule - Mule: From the initial caterwauling of P-Bone Preston on "Missouri Breaks" it's pretty evident that this is some unusual shit! The bastard son of Laughing Hyenas and Wig, Mule has ne'r a damn thing resembling their ingrate parents. More like a Bad Livers thing than a Bad Brains' thing, this first CD still has more energy than most of what's being shoved down our post-punk throats. While the Laughing Hyenas appear to be falling apart and Wig gets tempted with success, Mule will still be traveling down old dirt roads in a crappy-ass van, stopping at diners and truck stops, playing for hamburgers and gas money. (1/4 Stick/Touch & Go) gm

Piece Dogs - Exes For Eyes: Obviously, not all "southern-rock" bands are tabacco-spittin', wife-beatin', inbred KKK types: (read: Lynyrd Skynyrd) as this Atlanta, Ga. quartet can attest. Sounding more like a "Euro" Sabbath than any stateside Moly Hatchet, Piece Dogs gnash and mash along with a mid-tempo punch in the gut that goes great with a couple beers (Cheap domestic brand preferable) . . . Until we get to about half-way through the record . . . Uh, oh, they're lettin' their cracker roots show through the boisterous groundwork previously planted (which is not necessarily a "bad" thing, unless you happen to hate "southern-

rock" as much as I do.) "Free free love Oh! X wanna know who's got Xt" . . . etc., etc., (x's for i's - get it?). Puh-lease! Swiftly spiraling down the porcelain receptacle into a red-neck rave-up rendezvous, things are somewhat redeemed by the last song, which harkens back to the integrity and originality of the first half. Another "almostee." Chisel this down from an LP to an EP and I bet I'd love it. (NRG) bj

The Meices - Greatest Bible Stories Ever Told: Cuts one and two: tuneful post-punk. Cut three: tuneful post-hardcore. Cut four: tuneful power-pop . . . Played with passion, aplomb and relative self-effacement. I turn to the press kit and find, as it is written in the *Book of Revelations*, that sometimes whosoever loveth maketh a lie. And verily I say unto you that this trio dost not remind me of the much hyped Replacements. Indeed they are far more passing strange and therefore more interesting. So follow not the lead of the scribes who make such odious comparisons. Do not repeat the lie in L.A., publish it not in the streets of New York; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph. (eMpTy) ds

Brain Bombs - Burning Hell: If Feedtime stumbled, Drunks With Guns covered Robert Johnson and the Black Snakes played Foghat intros, this LP would not seem unnatural. And ya know, it's not. But I think Justine by De-Sade is quite a good book too. And American Psycho. Especially page 345 (or was that 346?). Oh dear. Barring that, these Swedes' music is rock and roll, arty in its drunken, tossed spitefulness. Strain entertainment/enlightenment by pain approach through absinthe and dope-addled whitey kill-blues and out drips this malevolent mess. Consume as such. The sides grind on and on: purely, painfully and hatefully ugly enough to be ridiculous in its lo-fi live swelter. It's repulsive enough to wipe my pity palette clean, sorta like when the Pope of Ohio showed me Bud Dwyer "get his hat." Over and over. My pick to click: "Danny Was A Street Whore." (Black Jack Records, Box 2141, Guerneville, CA 95446) cr

Sebadoh - Bubble & Scrape: Note: This LP divides itself quite nicely by each songwriter's approach. This review addresses less than half of the 17 songs - it concerns itself with those I particularly enjoy. The other songs either (a) provide a stylistic contrast, or (b) annoy me (this due exclusively to my own ecstatically narrow-minded taste). Nevertheless, I don't own/haven't heard many records with as many good songs as this one, so let's talk about it.

It's a safe bet that there are more tunes about relationships (and the dissolution of) than there are sons of Adam or grains of sand or what have you . . . however, I've never heard a record skillfully and personally examine all the gray areas of this topic - as is the case here. Sebadoh (even on the songs I dislike) is anything but black and white, and they sift through their chosen sound/sandplot pretty carefully. The vague sadness & redemption of "Soul & Fire" had me thinking of "Seasons in the Sun" . . . it sports an eloquently patient (almost like the pitch control was touched down at times) tempo and lyrics that are not only true, but truly work. Same could be said of "Think (let tomorrow bee)," a jauntily throbbing acoustic number with stunning vocal production. Tastefully layered, carefully recorded, and deftly produced (try "Sacred Attention" on

headphones), Bubble & Scrape is an edifying mosaic of sounds and sights (cohesive artwork) that rambles (un)confidently naked o'er lands most need a suit of armor to cross. Good stuff. (Sub Pop) bd

■ **Cows - Sexy Pee Story:** Just when you thought these Minneapolis guys were taking a T train to a (shudder) major label, they follow up Cunning Stunts with their darkest stuff since their first Treehouse release. In fact, . . . Stunts, brilliant as it was, seems downright hook-laden compared to Sexy . . . With songs like "Shitbeard" and "The Ouch Cube," this is tons heavier than Stunts. The last half of this thing makes you feel like you're cowering in a wet, moldy blanket. Still, Cows is a live band, to be sure; the bass player has a retard act going that has to be seen to be believed and singer Shannon, no doubt, is the new Elvis. (Amphetamine Reptile) gm

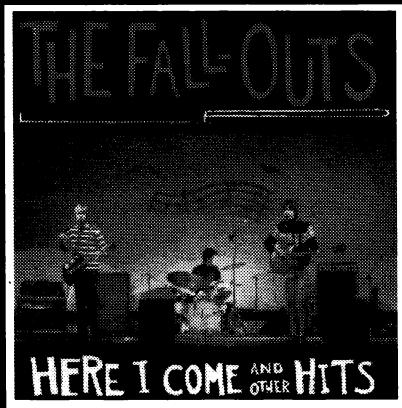
■ **Silverfish - Organ Fan:** A hoot 'n' holler to whoever pitched this to the boss at CBS. A snarling disc rooted in stripped 60s/70s punk: the Birthday Party/Scientists wing of arty roots attack coupled with general aggressive density the Amphetamine Reptile way. First release on a major label. Best record? A trend? (Or maybe you own Bleach.) Rather than relying on atmosphere and technology, these guys write SONGS. You could probably make it work acoustically. After a spin or two, hooks and riffs rise

through a punchy, clearly enunciated Jim Thirwell production and the feel makes a man take a stand. Thematically hot in these wishy-washy liberal times - a desire for guns, sex and attention. Four stars and kudos to those who discover stuck to side two, a fine marital aid. Oh boy, this, Therapy and The Faith Healers, all on major labels. Get 'em while you can before the bottom line putsch people commence the bloodletting. Cool. (CBS) cr/lk

■ **Night Kings - Increasing Our High:** Why do they always drone about "three-chord garage bands," when the really good ones (like Night Kings) use at least four or five per song? Increasing Our High is perfect punk rock for '93, for when you're so pissed off you just feel like giving up. The sound of this sharp Seattle trio rolling over is far more exciting than a hardcore band that's still angry about Reagan or a death metal band that's all worked up over Satan, and yet these Kings don't play very fast, so how could that be? I guess it's the way fuckin' soulful vocals. Or the fact that the loudest, cussinest, screaminest number ("6th Floor") collapses into a ballad that had me crying in my beer, and I don't even drink. Crisp, raw, pure and a great "Night Kings' Theme" t-boot. (Sub Pop) al

■ **Flipper - American Grayfishy:** Me and Dom are out on the street, loitering in front of the office. I am waiting for the bus. Dom says to me, "Steve, can I borrow six cents

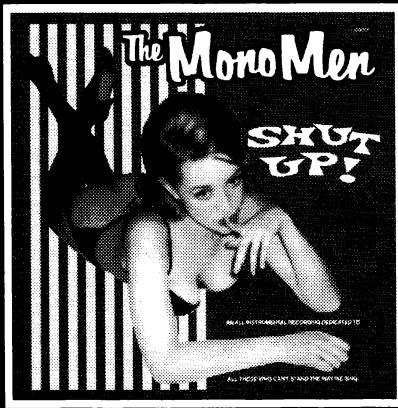
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for a cup of coffee." I say, "No Dom, I have no change. I am waiting for the bus." Dom says, "Why don't you take that bus over at the other corner instead of the one you always take. You've missed three of them while we've been loitering in front of the office." I say, "because Dom, change is bad." Remember Flipper's 1979 "Love Canal" single? Distinctively intelligent? Ultimately sludgy? Real good? No change here. (Def American) sj

■ **Girl Trouble - New American Shame:** This band fits - with their instruments, with their songs, and especially with each other. The ethic of bare-ass "throwback" R&R is well-defined here, and no doubt well understood by this Tacoma foursome as well. Everything just falls into place, and even better, nothing unnecessary is added in terms of arrangement, performance, or production. Speaking of production, Girl Trouble also fit quite nicely with their chosen knob-twiddler, and all together they make New American Shame a rock 'n' roll sanctum sanctorum I'm proud to shake my dick at nightly. Go team. (eMpTy) bd

■ **Iggy Pop & James Williamson - Kill City:** Our staff told me not to review this because everyone has a copy of the original green-vinyl LP which, not too terribly long ago, you could snatch from the remainder bin for about a buck and change. I say, "People don't always know a bargain when they see one." Especially when the consensus of critical opinion appears to hold with *Trouser Press*' warning to "avoid this nasty stuff . . . the songs plod, the sound is bad . . ." Wrong, wrong, wrong. The songs kick ass (even the more somber ones), the "sound" sounds fine to me and only an idiot would refuse to buy an LP (or in this case cd) of original Stooges' material. Kill City is the first in a promised series examining the "underbelly" of Iggy's career. Was there was an "overbelly?" Bomp, Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510) ds

■ **Seemen - Seemen:** O beloved of Mark Pauline, Greg Shaw and whatever the leader of the Butthole Surfers is calling himself this week, spawn of Shug Yaggeroth of the Dark Wood, the goat with a thousand young, deliver us from good. Teach us not to resist temptation but to yield to it. Ply our dissolute temperaments with obscenities, savage bruittings, the clamor of violence and insanity. Instruct us with primitive rhythms, ingenuous snatches of melody, repetition, feedback, drone - indeed, the whole panoply of taped and looped effects at your command, and in the process instill a sense of unhallowed age, of unpleasant crudeness, and of secrets best forgotten. We have no mouth so you must scream. (Bomp) ds

■ **P J Harvey - Rid Of Me:** Being a woman who sings about fucking and liking it will always score points with hormone-racked rock crits and academic types who actually read Camille Paglia (if you don't believe me, there's a gushing stack of "Madonna Ciccone makes my Mensa butt boogie" testimonials in your *Village Voice* collection). P J Harvey, the woman/band (like Van Halen), does it well enough to merit her status as post-feminist, college radio, power trio savior. Albini is enlisted to make it louder during the screaming parts ("You snake!/You Dog!") and more brittle during the come-ons ("Lick my legs, I'm on fire/Lick my lips, of desire."). Sometimes she tries too hard. Songs get lost in the bombast and threaten to fall apart (then frustratingly don't - the band's too tight). Voice lessons over-

power (compare the pretentious strings-and-PJ attempt "Man-Size Sextet" to the first album's "Plants and Rags"). And then a song comes along like "Missed" or "Rub 'Til It Bleeds" and the melancholy is as heavy in your gut as the guitar sound, and you think about how long it's been since you criticized a rockstar for trying too hard. Which even makes "Highway 61 Revisited" quite powerful, and how many (non-Shatner) Dylan covers can you say that about? (Island) al

■ **Paw - Dragline:** (Note: Realizing the unworthiness of his spirit to confront high art, our "critic" has not actually listened to this album) Y'know how it goes: you're reading or watching t.v. all by your lonesome. Suddenly, something strikes you so incredibly funny (in an oblique way) that you just sit there and laugh your fool head off. I think one's quality of life is directionally proportionate to the number of these "elevated laughs" one experiences, and I'd like to profusely thank the A&M Press Dept. for giving me the biggest one I've had in years. Witness:

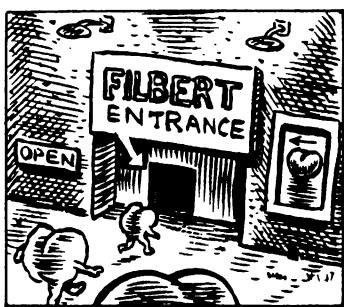
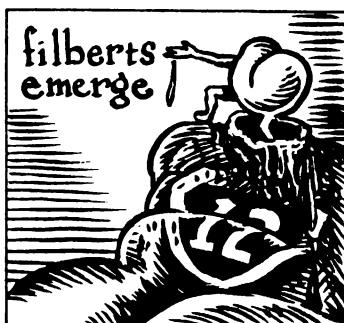
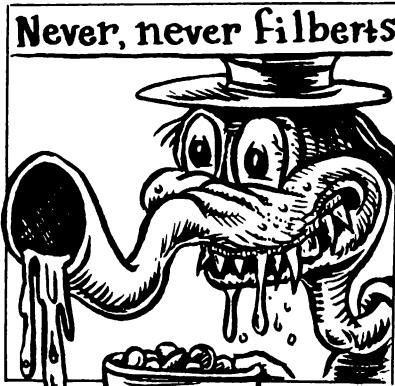
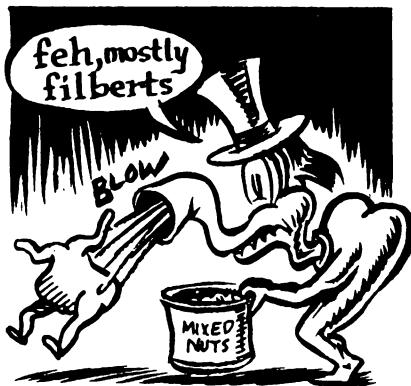
"Paw is an answer to the never-ending question "Where is something new?" These boys are natural-born world shakers . . . PAW IS THE ANTIVENOM TO THE POISON OF COMPLACENCY!!"

Ha Ha! Ha! Now, from the photo I got I can tell you Paw consists of some burly farm-types - and I wonder - isn't whoever wrote this girlish stuff afraid of getting beat up? Does he/she make a lot of money doing this? I wonder: could I do this? Let's see . . . um . . . PAW! The Antidote for Excitement! No, that's not right . . . harder than I thought, I guess . . . (A&M) bd

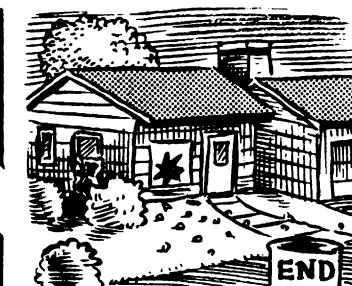
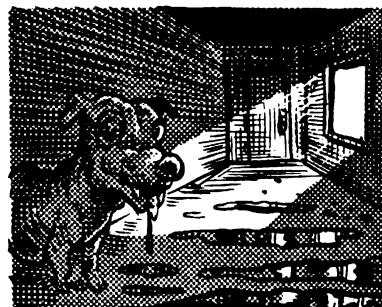
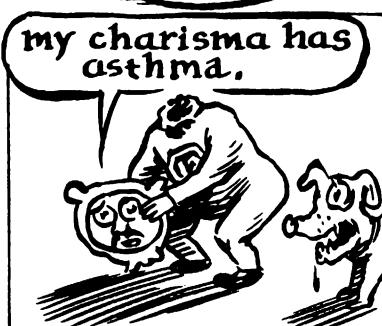
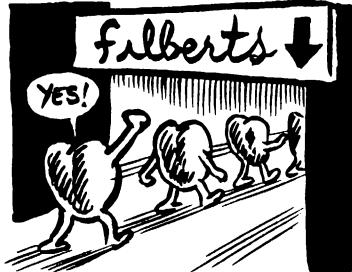
■ **Soulstorm - Darkness Visible:** The very best time to play "slave" in bondage games is during tornado watches/warnings. The snap of electricity in the air combined with the uncertainty of the moment: lips taste like copper, you, surrounded only by heartbeats, thunder and whip-cracks. Thoughts race with impending doom yet somehow the surrender to perfect calm . . . The spirited eyes of your beloved . . . You, immobile, resigned to the onslaught of your martyrdom . . . Transfix, relinquish, submit . . . And as the demon wind begins to pick up strength, the feeling is one of . . . delicious terror. (Metal Blade) bj

■ **Shadowy Men On A Shadowy Planet - Sport Fishin':** Remember the retro-twang theme song for that Canadian comedy show *The Kids In The Hall*? I know you don't get cable but they're showing the thing in syndication on regular television now. Or is the Comedy Channel not considered regular TV? Alright, anyway, those of us who do get cable know the song by heart. Kind of corny but there was something so sweet/sad and yet so rockin' about it that a lot of times you found yourself tuning in even for a repeat just so you could hear the opening theme. And that's what this light-hearted garage/surf/twang instro collection is like. Slowly addicting, insidiously alluring. Frothy perhaps but I like froth. It's the best part of a lukewarm Stout. For some people. You, you'll put it on and go "Ahh, no. Don't think so." Then a few hours later you'll throw it on again and by the end of the week you'll be playing it for all your friends. No, the guys don't possess the majesty of Duane or the menace of Link, but I'd like to think that either of these two guitar gods wouldn't mind having this trio opening for them. (Cargo) ds

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■ Thee Milkshakes - 107 Tapes: First of all, if you're the type who "never wants to read another Billy Childish review," well I don't like you either! This shitty-sounding CD is a priceless document of the earliest existing Milkshakes recordings, which finds them bashing and screaming in some poor old woman's basement. It's like they'll never get to play again so everybody competes for the spotlight by trying to be the loudest, and they all crack up laughing at the resulting majesty. Of course they maul their favorite ballads too, with that incompetent grace that reminds me why I love Milkshakes more than any bland early 80's "revivalists." See, Billy and Mick weren't *retro*, they were here and now with angry raunch and a slow dance, as if they actually loved and listened to those old records Rudi Protrudi just talked about. Plus we have fifteen tracks live in Germany '83 where the boys play fabulously, and Billy makes fun of the crowd, which is paying absolutely no attention to the four unattractive Limey faggots on stage, who keep getting drunker and louder. What a party! (Vinyl Japan) al

■ Skin Chamber - Trial: ". . . brutality articulated into sound . . . a step beyond insanity." A step beyond insanity? Oh, these guys must think they're the new Swans, which is probably the reason knob twirler Bryan Martin was hired to produce this "unparalleled foray into pure noise." And some of the cuts - "Torturous World," and "Slow Crime" - do recall early Gira & Co. Still, most of this is molten industrial techno-metal belching clever hooks and danceable beats. I especially enjoyed "Throb" with its big meaty riff and its buzzing guitars and "Swallowing Scrap Metal" with its blitz of white noise and feedback, an assault so wondrously disagreeable that it made Metal Machine Music sound like Mantovani by comparison. And while I wouldn't say Trial is a step beyond the "new dimension" (I'm quoting from the wittily histrionic press kit), it is killer stuff. (Roadrunner) ds

■ Phil Gammage - Cry Of The City: I can't decide if this one is crucial camp or consequential cool. Song themes deal with lost romance, booze, women, booze, loneliness, booze, gambling and booze, delivered in a 60's pseudo-hep-cat tone. Imagine the "tssst-tssst-tsss" of reefer-stained cymbals, a street-walkin' bass line through the tough part of town, sleazy ivories covered in dirty sweat and liquor-slicked fretboards backing an Elvis-wanna-be-singing in an A.M. radio effected voice lines like: "We were victimized by a criminal economic freezeout. And now we're left to wallow in the vestiges of our legacy." Say what? But then a song like "I Took A Walk," with its corny simplicity and hook, recalls an early, naive Roy Orbison. I don't know . . . Eight tall boys later and I still don't know. Has David Lynch ever heard of this guy? (Marilyn/Bomp) bj

■ Pop Crash Colapso - Searching Some Recreation and Wipe-Out Skaters - Revenge Is A Right: I can't say I'm surprised that the sexually and socially retarded Iberian peninsula harbors the last convinced practitioners of the ridiculously inarticulate skate-core genre. Then again, I never figured out what skate-boarding had to do with punk anyway, particularly with so many more attractive punk behavioral options (passing out, sneering, shop-lifting, etc.) readily available. Must be some sort of West Coast thing. At any rate, Pop Crash Colapso seem to be angry about bubbles or jello or something. Colapso cohorts the Wipe-Out Skaters are just, well, too angry to express themselves at all. Will only the miraculous resurrection of partly fascist Generalissimo Franco rid us of *Thrasher* magazine forever? (Mondo Estereo) sj

■ Green Machine - King Mover: One part New Wave of British Heavy Metal (which is retro-ok) and one part Boston (have a joke on me), this just doesn't cut the mustard. Just when you start getting into all the tasty lyrics about rotten teeth and brick gods (Huh? With names like Krejci and Miland these boys must be from somewhere's else), here comes that goddamned organ or 12-string guitar. Please, junk those useless, overpriced instruments and stick to the fast shit. (Prospective Records) gm

■ The Flamin' Groovies Featuring Chris Wilson - A Collection Of Rare Demos & Live Recordings: "Mod" outfits, out-of-tune guitars, wildly varying tempos, off-key vocals, low-fi recordings and a "Fuck you, I'm great" attitude are what made the Groovies cool to so many ears. Not

mine. Shittiness is only admirable if one aspires *not* to suck. The Flamin' Groovies Featuring Chris Wil... Oh, forget it, this was comped for completists anyway. Of course, in 1971, this stuff was considered hot, but audiences liked *anything* back then, how else can you explain the continued success of Jefferson Airplane? And like that wretched combo's recent CD celebration, this too is a nostalgia trip I prefer not to take. (Marilyn/Bomp) bj

■ **The Bats - Silverbeet:** This ain't half bad. The Bats do the gorgeous melodic pop thing and make it interesting by just skirting the edge of melancholy self-indulgence with a nice mix of now jangly, now buzzing, now ringing guitar, wistful harmonies, intelligently cryptic and self-referential lyrics and tight ensemble playing. Although this is pop, the faster numbers bounce more like rock and the slower numbers beguile rather than belabor with their dreamy textures. (Mammoth) ds

■ **Last Tribe - Substance & Soul:** Well, they're kinda cute (in that "alternative" (ugh) kinda way), they sing their songs "Morrison-pretty," with sort of a worldbeat back-up stance. The jazz-tinged, funky guitars riff alongside subdued bass and drums, creating a pleasant backdrop, never overbearing, never rude, never annoying. The record is immaculately produced, the band is clearly well rehearsed, adeptly tight and clearly honed for CMJ success. Of course, all this means that you'll probably hate 'em. But that new wave rave blonde co-ed with the big tits that you drool into your bourbon and colas over Friday night at the Kit-Kat-Klub will probably *love* them. So buy the CD, wear the t-shirt, quote the lyrics, work that body and impress the shit outta her before some four-eyed-tye-dyed geek from her school beats you to it. (Energy) bj

■ **Religion - Recipe For Hate:** Wait, let me get this straight. This is a "pure punk legend?" Then why does this sound more like a recipe for alternative AOR what with its clean harmonies, mid-speed tempos, pleasant melodies and earnest lead singing. And speaking of lead singer, if Mr. Greg Graffin is really working on his doctorate AND teaching at Cornell, why does he write lyrics like this: "Every day I wander/in negative disposition/as I'm bombarded by superlatives/Realizing very well/That I am not alone." Must be working in the area of existential philosophy. But whatever Greg's studying, one thing's for certain, the field certainly isn't literature. And Bad Religion's isn't punk. At least not any kind of punk I've ever heard. But what do I know, these guys are "legends." At least in their own and their publicists' minds. (Epitaph) ds

■ **Butthole Surfers - Independent Worm Saloon:** (Or four AM With A Bottle of Bourbon)... Should I send this to one of my staff writers?... I know they know more about the Buttholes (now called the B-Surfers by Capitol as if nobody knows their real name) than I do. Probably own most of their what must be hip albums... Only thing I own by them has that "Sweet Leaf" parody on it. It's pretty funny... Poor starving bastards. I hardly pay them anything. Least I could do is send one of them this record... Besides, I don't get some of this. Like those faux-cowpunk things like "Dog Inside Your Body" and "Ballad Of Naked Man"... Fuck it, a lot of this I really like. Got kind of an industrial feel... But what the fuck does producer John Paul Jones (Led Zep) know about that?... Love the outlandish

psychedelic guitar stylings on stuff like "Dust Devil" and "Edgar." Love the guitar playing on this thing in general. Guitarist just likes to make noise. Tuneful noise. Not arty. Never boring (Sound like a commercial now). Guy's from Texas, must take a lot of LSD. What the hell do I know... Lot of distorto vocals. Pretty effective on "Goofy's Concern" and "The Annoying Song" (which is anything but)... No lyric sheet though so there's not much I can say (Looks like I've said enough already)... At least they're not real surfers. More "fuck" than "rad" and "tubular"... Time to go to bed. So finish (Sandy was supposed to go to Finland. Are they "Finnish?")... Anarchic feel but fairly structured... Compromise? I think not... Hope it sells a zillion (How do you spell that anyway?) copies. Make the world a better place. That song: "I'd like to see the world" Is it Coke or Pepsi? Should have mixed some with the Jack... (Capitol) ds

■ **Two-Bit Thief - Gangster Rebel Bop:** These hard rock gangsters may not be the most original band in the world but they certainly know whom to "borrow" from. The anemic "On Parole" which kicks off the LP in fine style is a nice Iron Maiden style prole anthem, "White Trash A Go Go" is pure New York Dolls right down to the doot-doot background vocals, and "Preacher's Son" could have been an outtake from one of the early Guns 'N' Roses albums. There's also some pretty cool bluesy rock and a nice little cowpunk tune called "Hang 'Em High." These were probably also "appropriated" from other bands but I'm just not hip enough to tell you which ones. I'm not criticizing mind you, I love blue collar rockers who play contagious songs about desperate dudes, drunks, criminals and assorted white trash, and I'm also ready to champion the cause of any combo that plays guitar solos that actually add to rather than detract from the proceedings. (We Bite America) ds

■ **Blitz - Best Of & Blitzed:** Incendiary, aggro-classics from the thuggy, early-eighties heyday of British punk/skinhead revival heavily dosed with the sing-a-long boot boy choruses, pounding basslines and unrestrained viciousness endemic to the genre. If you were ever, say, ten years younger, closely cropped and liked to crank Cockney Rejects and Sham 69 records while consuming inhuman quantities of speed and booze before you went out and beat the shit out of the first person who looked at you wrong regardless of race, creed or color, Blitz records may bring back fond memories for you. (Gojo Limited/ Link Records) sj

■ **Fugazi - In On The Kill Taker:** These practitioners of righteous, clean living, DC straight core are back to tell you that the movement isn't dead. Although a couple of cuts - "Walken's Syndrome" and "Last Chance For A Slow Dance" - don't quite cut the mustard, most of this is passionate, furious and tuneful noise. "Facet Squared," which gets things off to a roaring start could be a hit single with its baleful, rumbling riff, churning guitars and trademark McKaye stentorian pronouncements, except that it's too short. "Public Witness Program" rumbles but its lower-fi: the bass is given prominent play, the drumming has a hollow, gut-bucket sound and the gnashing guitars are kept to a dull background roar. "Great Cop" is classic hardcore, an angry, barking rant set atop fractured rhythms and dissonance. I'm not exactly sure why Fugazi is so bent out of shape, but from the lyrics it appears that people are to

blame. People who do not like Ian McKaye. People who do not like Fugazi. People who do not like people who like Fugazi. I know of no such people. Such people do not exist. (Dischord) ds

■ **Buyers' Market - Volume One:** In the Buyers' Market, the digital domain of audio sadism, "tears and wails and pain over molested children and slaughtered co-eds can be very exciting." Assembled by Whitehouse member Peter Sotos who some may remember from *Pure* magazine, this comp takes intense emotional moments from various investigative talk shows and uses them for his own pleasures, much in the same manner as in the aforementioned publication. In this, the first volume, Sotos exploits the victims of sex crimes for our own edification and entertainment: the testimonies of mothers and fathers of murdered and molested children; the perfect voices of slaughtered teenage girls, the ones that always called home if they were going to be late; the jaded talk of street whores who got more than they bargained for. These are the dead who adorn the stalls of the Buyers' Market. A Market which goes beyond the tame true crime novel, consumes innocence and is in the final analysis . . . pure genius. (AWB) kb

■ **The Monomen - Shut Up!**: The incredible sights and sounds of the NHRA sanctioned Estrus 500 continue with a fuel-smoking, ten-track, Boss Drag guitar instro showing by the brazenly masculine Monomen. Includes burn-out-effects laden strip insta-classic "Warm Piston," a tricked-out

cover of suave and debonair torque-tamer Dick Dale's "Mr. Eliminator" and much, much more. May require installation of headers for smaller stereo systems. (Estrus). sj

■ **The Monomen - Bent Pages:** The exhaust fumes still hang in the air as the relentless Monomen "sing," cranking with reckless abandon through fourteen garage punk gas-sers thoughtlessly pilfered both from others (The Sonics, etc.) and, in their search for new horizons of delinquency, even from themselves. As always, awe inspiring. As always, requires installation of headers for smaller stereo systems. (Estrus) sj

■ **The Cakekitchen - Far From The Sun:** Gloam, Gloam, Gloam, We Go Into The Gloam. See! Over there. Under the dwarf maple lightly dappled with lichen lies Syd Barrett lost in silent reverie. Look! Nick Drake has come through and stands cold and marmoreal in the winking twilight. Listen! Drifting in on the gentle breeze as on an aeolian harp, the wistful strains of Graeme Jeffries' Cakekitchen. Swirling dream pop. A mix of strange, lilting acoustic ditties lightly tinged with melancholy giving way to electronic compositions laced with swirling brumes of hypnotic guitar washes. Hear! It is Graeme's inviting, soft voice beckoning us. Enticing us with intoxicating swatches of near melody and gentle but persistent rhythms. Beguiling us with ringing, circular trippy rave ups which burst forth like overripened fruit on the vine of ethereal song. Surrender and drink deep from Nepenthe's cup. (Homestead) ds

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■ **Various - Dead Tech 3:** Japanese music can best be described in just one word: self-indulgent. However, even when blatantly ripping off an American band, the Japs throw in enough curves and expand the sound further than most of the ripped-off combos ever dreamed of doing. Dead Tech 3 is the third in a series of compilations featuring Japanese noise. This volume, compiled by K. K. Null and Zeni Geva, features several different styles of sound other than the unmoving noise attack the Land of the Rising Sun is known for. The soundwork here ranges from fairly normal rock music to the gutter grunge rock of IXA-WUD and Copass Grinders to the weirded-out combo of funk/disco/techno rock practiced by Space Streakings. There is some garbage by Funhouse, Dai Hakkase and Te No Kanshiyoku, but it's nicely offset by typically great tracks by The Ruins and Zeni Geva. In sum, this is a nice introduction for the novice. Or for those who can't afford the high prices of Japanese CDs. Or those interested in styles of the Nipponese sound which contain more than feedback and screaming. (Charnel House) kb

■ **Sheep On Drugs - Greatest Hits:** Sheep On Drugs claim that they are the "sound of the future." I'm glad I like noise. The band name is supposed to reflect the stupidity of the type of people who listen to this sort of stuff. But SOD members Duncan (aka King Duncan) and Lee (aka Dead Lee) strike me neither as intellectuals nor creative musicians. The band offers nothing new to the techno/rave/acid house genre. Programmed synth rhythms mixed with unoriginal sampling (I think all these techno people trade samples among themselves) as many beats per minute as a human being can tolerate slathered with dumb vocals bleating about drugs and sex. Yes, the sound of the future. I hope I'm not there. Tune out, turnoff, drop dead. . . (Smash Records) kb

■ **The Fall-Outs - Here I Come and other Hits:** Doubtless, in a moment of reflection, you've asked yourself this important question: What's the one thing that makes sixties punk superior to all other forms of music? Beatle-boots? Vox equipment? Hair in your eyes? Indomitable pride coupled with minimal communications skills? The answer all the while glares from the back of any Standells' album jacket. Italian drummers. Italian drummers, preferably named Dino, are the one thing that put really top gear sixties punk bands, original or contemporary, ahead of the pack. Imagine my excitement therefore when I caught the scent of sixties punk, located the Fall-Outs record, noted a pair of Beatle-boots on the sleeve, and flipped it over to see the drummer listed as DINO LENCION! I knew then and there, of course, that the record would be great before I even played it. Or even if I never played it and just looked at it and sometimes smelled it. The pure whiffs of Outcasts and Nightcrawlers I'm getting from it are a real high. (Estrus) sj

■ **Dwarves - Sugar Fix:** My friend Steve believes that the acid test for a quality rock & roll album is whether it makes you want to get drunk and beat yourself up. Well, if that's the case, Sugar Fix is a friggin' classic because it makes me want to get drunk and beat Steve up! I must have played this platter twenty times now and I'm still not tired of it. I don't think I've even played the CD rerelease of Love It To Death twenty times yet. And speaking of Alice Cooper, that's kind of what lead singer Blag Dahlia sounds like. If Alice Cooper was totally blitzed on speed and Jack Daniels

that is (which of course he was much of the time). Anyways, let me get out of here by telling you that this is one of the best "rock" records I've heard in months, a high octane blend of tuneful 90 mph punk, down & dirty, near-metallloid crunchers and anthemic paens to booze, drugs and women (can't say for sure because I didn't get the lyric sheet). Somewhere in rock and roll heaven, co-founder Hewhocannotbenamed is beaming with pride. (Sub Pop) ds

■ **Zeni Geva - Live In Amerika:** It's not so much that Zeni Geva is "heavy" (they don't even have a bass player not that you'd notice), it's the thorough fetishization of force ("Skullfuck," "Total Castration" and "I Want You" [twice]) which makes their noise as brutal as it is entralling (maybe that's not the right word - "entralling" implies you come along by choice). Sex symbol front man K. K. Null has the Cookie Monster vox/guitar skills to make this power trio an exciting prospect, and that says a lot in this dismal post-Nirvana landscape. Maybe it's the way he suckers me in with an almost-melodic almost-groove like "Autobody" and then hits the sludge metal riffage pedal so effectively I forget that Budgie did it first. Most likely it's his politeness - he growls "SANKOO" after every other song and sounds like he really means it. That's showmanship. (Charnel House) al

■ **Supersnazz - Superstupid:** What L7 - who we like very much - would sound like if they stopped worrying about getting that hit single. And if they worshipped both the Ramones and the Sonics. So is it, you know, really superstupid? Nah. It's crunchy and nutritious. Kind of irresistible too. Punky garage and hard rock sung in that always alluring bratty-girl-on-the-verge-of-womanhood style. A lot of "guys" think these luscious Japanese vixens together constitute one of the best "girl" groups on the planet. Fuck that! There aren't too many groups, period, that can rock like this. Amazing and revelatory. It makes me almost regret our having dropped those bombs on their island. Almost. (Sub Pop) ds

■ **Jon Spencer Blues Explosion - Extra Width:** The secret of Extra Width is buried ten tracks deep: "Inside the World of the Blues Explosion." So when you slide on your smoking jacket and slippers and retire to the listening room to peruse this over cocktails, WATCH OUT. Subtly, insidiously, your head begins to nod, your feet start to move. "The shit is funky," you mutter, and then "Nothing, dear." Judah Bauer's guitar erupts in wobbling, piss-yourself power chords on "History of Lies" and your special someone says "Will you please turn it down!" Too late, Spencer's drawing "Take a whiff of my pant leg," and even the ball and chain can't help shaking and sweating. By the time New York's finest (this week) slide into a little number called "The World of Sex," you're already in a clutch, goin' at it like the record could end any second. Then it does. You look up from between your partner's legs to find yourself naked in a gutter behind a fried chicken stand on the bad side of town. Surrounded by kids pointin' and laughin' and carrying boom boxes blaring "Welcome inside the world of the Blues Explosion." Live it up, honky. (Matador) al

■ **Antiseen - Eat More Possum:** Alright, so we're late hopping on the bandwagon for this seminal, hillbilly agro-punk-

outfit but I'm going to let you in on a little secret. Those pencil-neck-geek rock critics who profess to admire Antiseen don't really like them. To like Antiseen you have to be a man. A man like blonde-locked, nature boy Ric Flair who tells girls, "Girls, none of ya can ever be first but any one of ya can be next. Whooooo!" A man like the astonishingly hairy, gap-toothed animal Cactus Jack who after getting hit in the head with a shovel - a wound which later requires seventy-two stitches - merely leers, cocks his hands like they're pistols and screams, "Bang! Bang!" A man like myself who stomps around the house in torn, sweat-soaked underwear a bottle of jack in one hand, his penis in the other. Girls? Yeah, girls probably secretly admire Antiseen. Wish their spindly, spotty boyfriends were like them in fact. But who gives a fuck what girls like. (Antiseen, 36866 Carter Road, New London, NC 28127) ds

■ **Mazzy Star - Mazzy Star:** Guitarist-composer Dave Roback's latest project has drawn an awful lot of comparisons with the Velvets. However, the languorous beauty of the Mazzy's strum und drone is rooted in a different underground: the paisley one that sprouted in L.A. in the early eighties. Which isn't so surprising once you learn that both Roback (ex-Rain Parade and Opal) and chanteuse Hope Sandoval are veterans of that scene. This, the duo's second release, should help enlarge their cult following. Mysterious yet romantic, eerie but tender, Roback and Sandoval have fashioned an alluring collection of songs by taking simple acoustic guitar patterns and simpler electric organ and guitar phrases and floating them atop beds of lush dis-

tortion and mournful string arrangements. Amongst this drifts Sandoval's ghostly, marmoreal voice singing disingenuously of blue lights, silence and things just beyond the ken of understanding. (Capital) ds

■ ***Cosmic Psychos - Palomino Pizza:*** A lot of people have problems with bands who slavishly ape that mid-to-late 70s punk sound. Something about using the same three chords on every song. So what? If they're the right three chords (or four I can't really tell because these guys play in a very fast and furious manner) does it really matter? No. Here's another test: if you were drunk, in a bar and in a really good mood would you want to be listening to this band? Yes. End of story. Consumer warning: Only six songs but with this order of Pizza you get . . . "G.O.D.," an effectively loutish distorto guitar rave-up. (AmRep) ds

■ ***Mother Earth - Dig:*** She like it under strobe lights. She like it fast, then slow, then hyper-fast. She like it rough and though, then gently painless . . . A mindscape of shifting moods and Latin percussion lie behind the psychedelic mysticism of levitating guitars, gut-punched grooves and scorched vocals . . . She like the unexpected, the turbulent, the deafening silence between the roar. She like the feel, the light, the color, the smell of the noise. The constant in/out motions, shattering the air with crack of vociferous abandon, then subdued, she sob with release. She like it this way all times. She like it, dig? (Capitol) bj



Swingin' Singles

by Steve Jeffries, Jim Kirkland & Dom Salemi

» **Homer Henderson - Lee Harvey Was A Friend Of Mine/Hawaiian Ungawa:** Pedal steel putz playing a faux cracker brand of C&W that would, most likely, have the folks at *Hee Haw* cringing in embarrassment. Steve wanted to rip this record off the turntable immediately but a plane flew overhead simultaneously drowning out the stereo and causing His Genius to trip over the coffee table in a farrago of anger and confusion. Everyone was satisfied. Intellectual Austin trendies will think Homer's cynical post-modern lyrics are really hip. We don't. Guess we're just too stupid. WELL GOLLEEE! (Mule Nose, Box 627, Northampton, MA 01060)

» **The Brian Jonestown Massacre - Evergreen/She Moves Me:** Wispy synth-pop record ideally suited for closing time at your favorite Euro-disco or for play as a lullaby for deaf school children. If you have Psychic-TV's Brian Jones picture disc, you'll need this 45 too. In other words, Jim would buy this record just because the band name refers to Brian Jones. (Tangible, 734 Schrader St., San Francisco, CA 94117)

» **Various -Never Mind The Molluscs:** Four bands from Nova Scotia. Recorded in mid-January. Musta been cold as shit outside. Idee du Nord's "Iodine Eyes" sounds like acid-surf. Jale is a girl band who sing pop too nice for jail. The song that's titled "Lung" should have been called "Lungs." Despite its lame intro, Eric's Trip delivers some decent grunge. Sloan gets the raspberry for being a male band that sounds like girls. Incidentally, Eastern Canada is a good place for mods to search for obscure English mod-mobiles. But don't go in January. (Sub Pop)

» **The Lone Wolves - Wart/Attack of the Finger Puppets:** One of our favorite, drunken hard rock bands has recently undergone a tragic loss: their sultry, linebacker drummer-bitch has quit despite the entreaties of both fans and group members. This leaves the dapper and loquacious Handbone uncomfortably in the spotlight. He's handling it well, at least the writing and performing part, but we'd still rather fuck Andrea if only because she's built more like a pro-football player. Jim says, "Hello," to the Portnoys. (Lone Wolves, Apt 11G, 220 Central Park South, NY, NY 10019)

» **Last Tribe - Intimate Loneliness/What do you Want from Me?:** What do we WANT from you? How about a record that DOESN'T SUCK. Or a band that DOESN'T LOOK LIKE BON JOVI. Or just some money. Absolutely devoid of value, the appalling Last Tribe single has garnered our coveted 1993 Potomac Award, i.e., we tossed the fucking thing off Dom's balcony into the river. (Energy Records c/o District of Columbia Harbor Patrol)

» **Chokebore - Throats to Hit/Nobody:** We fans of the Chopped and Channeled column in this fanrag were suitably impressed with the carburetor-oriented nametag of Chokebore. Equally impressive was the picture-disc artwork. Music isn't bad either. A-side is righteous droning punk. B-side reminiscent of the Sex Pistols. A good record for people who like smoke. (AmRep)

» **Union Carbide- High Speed Energy (No Fun)/Doin' my Time (Search and Destroy):** Exactly like the Stooges. Except boring. And Swedish. Dom really likes it because he has a thing for Elke Sommer. Especially as Dean Martin's "terminal liquidator" in Sharon Tate star-vehicle *The Wrecking Crew*. (Cargo)

» **Sugar Shack - The Good Life/Little Susie:** High testosterone rock and roll says Dom. Early junk-punk says Jim. Steve is far too depressed to comment having failed in his attempts to replace the '65 cherry red Le Mans Brute mobile's inside rear view mirror. That's what he gets for shopping at Pepboys. (Cargo)

» **Sebadoh - Soul and Fire/Reject/Sister/Banquet for a Siren:** This long-hair-earth-punk shit might go over big at the college food co-op, but we are men. Strong men. (Sub-Pop)

» **Craw - Stomp/405:** Emmanuel VI is on TV now. Staccato hate rock packing a mean wallop is on the stereo . . . it's about change, shifting riffs, stops and starts, muttered indelicacies . . . fuck, we have no idea what's going on . . . but there's a bus full of women . . . With these super horny euro-dukes . . . Our ears are confused, our eyes are crossed . . . Something has to give . . . Only our lightly downed heroine does . . . (Choke, 1376 West Grand, Chicago, IL 60622)

» **Hypo - The Dark Leader Speaks/Doctor...Nurse...Meat:** Kai Eric sez "The time has come when people who can't express themselves will express themselves anyway." A huge argument erupted over whether we could make our review as clever as minimalist riff-poets Hypo's lyrics. This is as far as we got. (Disastro Mix)

» **Oil Can God - (Total) Dogaction/Oil: Black Lung Blues/Spasmo-vox/Tomoyo:** Wannabe New York chi-chi boy Dom claims this is the perfect soundtrack for a Lower East Side house party. This is why Steve refuses to move to New York. Jim says Maryland is better anyway because you can get historic tags with no vehicle inspection. (Disastro Mix)

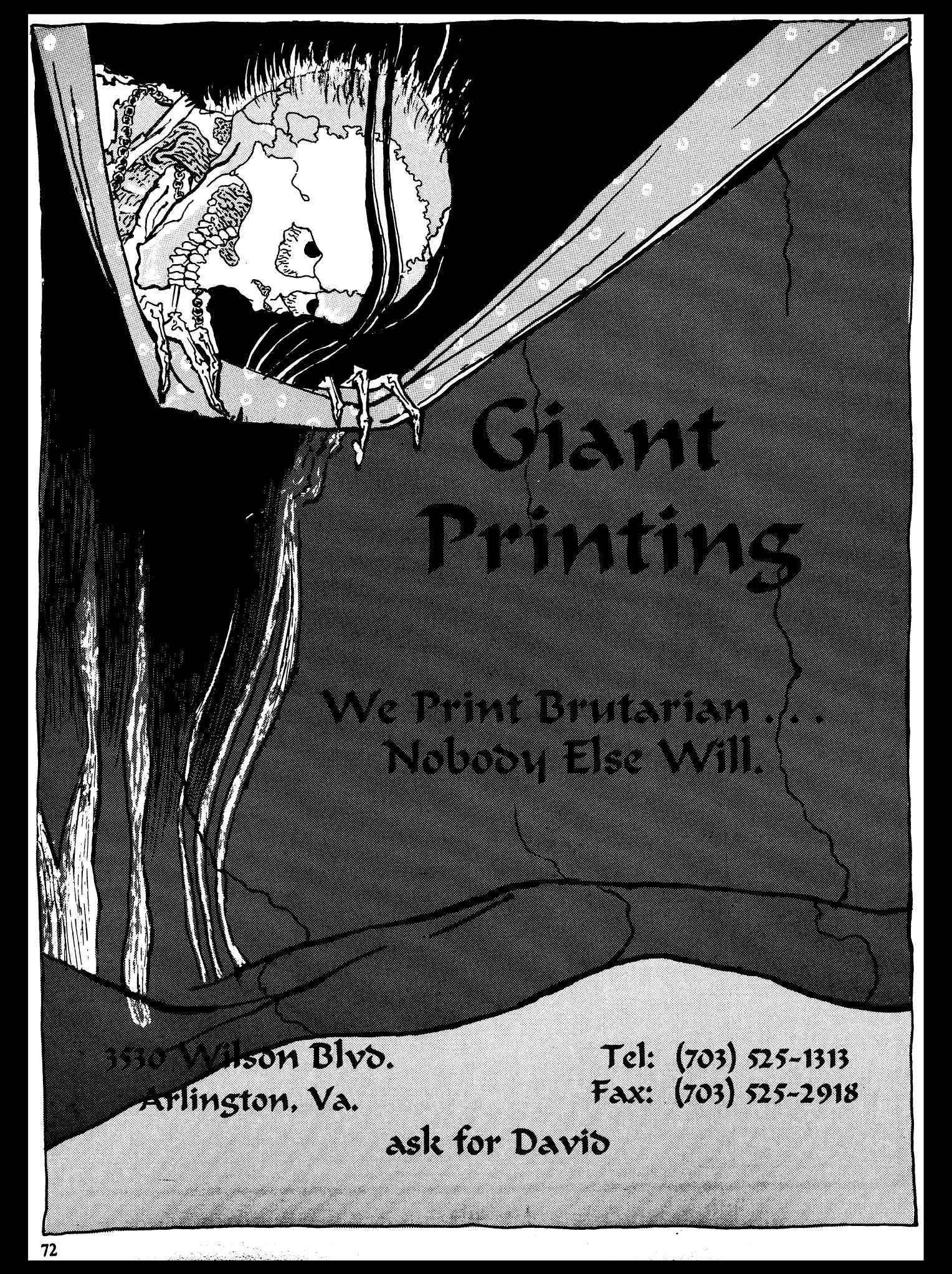
» **Kain - Desert Song/Two Tracks/War:** Moody gotherdammerung from Dutch boy paint it black types who "have received much publicity with their [sic] second CD." Christian Death fans will be delighted. Steve and Jim had no comment. They were too busy changing the tires on Steve's lambent, white '68 mustang. (Community 3)

» **Tortoise - Lonesome Sound/Reserve/Sheets:** The A-side is a minimalist acoustic masterpiece, a brooding, haunting reflection at the grave-site of a battered child. The B-side's two singles are merely threadbare weirdness. Steve and Jim had no comment. They were still working with the tires. (Thrill Jockey, Box 1527, Peter Stuyvesant Station, NY, NY 10009)

» **Bongwater- The Peel Sessions:** Artsy-noisy-squirrelemental rockers Bongwater have broken up. We're supposed to be upset. Right. We've got our own problems. The Brute mobile, a boss candy-apple red '65 Pontiac Le Mans, needs a ring job. That's \$800 we don't have. What we do have, however, are all the cuts on this here Peel Session. The sweetly devotional cover of Roky Erickson's "You Don't Love Me Yet" is on the Roky tribute collection *Where The Pyramid Meets The Eye* and the other three cuts are all on the highly entertaining *Power of Pussy*. So we don't need it. Nor do we care about it. But if you've never heard of the group, it's a nice introduction and it's probably pretty cheap since it's an EP. And if you live to the year 2020, Bongwater's catalogue will most assuredly be highly collectible and The Peel Sessions undoubtedly will be a rare, expensive and hopelessly fab collector's item. (Homestead)

» **Growing Movement - Growing Movement:** These leiderhosen-clad Germans really bug us out. They come here to our country and take jobs and record deals away from our own cliched, sub-stupid thrash bands. They don't use deodorant. Their women don't shave their legs. They wear funny sandals. If we could work these beer bottles out of our mouths, we'd fill them with gasoline and throw them at the next bunch of fetid, goddamn Krauts we see. America for Americans! (We Bite America)

» **The Richies - Don't Wanna Know If You Are Lonely:** Germans performing Husker-Du covers and other songs that sound like Husker Du covers. We never got that Husker Du shit. Did people feel sorry for them because they were fat? We hated them. They were fat. And they sucked. (We Bite America)



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ask for David

ON MANOR'S MIND

Stately Wayne Manor

Although I often rant or poke fun at deserving targets in the opening paragraphs, this time I'd like to get serious and address a situation approaching the crisis stage. Not being the type to burden others with their problems, the *Brutarian* editorial staff harbors a dark secret: the cost of publishing this magazine - which they do just to amuse you - is making paupers out of Sandy, dom, et al.

I'll never forget the moment dom called me into the penthouse office of *Brutarian* Towers, handed me a \$5000 check and sighed, "Sorry Stately, I can only pay you half your usual rate." Flopping into one of the two dozen cheetah-skin chairs, I extinguished my cigarette in the nearby platinum ashtray and began to bawl. Don't get me wrong: I wasn't crying out of sympathy; it was fear of the check bouncing!

As I drove the Lamborgini company car past Jim Schoene's 40,000 acre cattle ranch which he was not occupying at the time because he summers at either his Swiss chalet or his Cape Cod house with its 18-hole golf course, I wondered what could be done to stem this financial catastrophe. I mean, a person couldn't just walk up to the chief engineer at Sandy's mobile recording studio or flag down a driver from Allied Van Lines (of which she retains a controlling interest), press a bag of cash into his hand and say, "Give this to the owner." It would be too, too tacky.

Expecting Jarrett Huddleston would need consolation, I headed to the Manhattan theater housing the most opulent of the three Broadway shows the Carnegie heir was producing only to be told he was attending a yachtsmen's convention in Aruba. There was little left to do but retire to the rarely occupied Sherry suite Brut rents year-round and order a case of champagne on the ol' expense account.

It was while I was signing for the bubbly and tagging on my traditional 60 percent gratuity that the idea struck me like, like . . . um, an idea striking me. Porters, bellhops, waiters, bartenders: they all get "handled" for a job well done; so, why not tip magazine editors?

Keep the editors out of the poor house by becoming a "patron of the arts." If you enjoy *Brutarian*, let each "Contributors" page remind you to mail a few dollars to the p.o. box listed elsewhere. Rest assured, a member of the salemi chauffeur fleet will promptly deliver the bucks to the boss whether dom's at his private hangar at DC airport, christening an oil tanker in his shipyard or supervising the opening of another "simply salemi" diamond salon.

Remember, your generosity can . . . Wait a minute! Who am I kidding? The response to previous O-M-M columns' reader participation projects - when we were giving you stuff - was abysmal. And now I expect Brutamaniacs to dip into their pockets? I must be having a Carbona flashback!

We now return to the regularly scheduled column, already in progress . . .

. . . Asshole John Ankerberg who purports to be such a fine Christian yet charges his flock \$15 a throw for tapes of his show rather than explain how viewers can record it themselves at a fraction of the price.

If the windbag wanted to make a valid beef about rock music, he'd gripe about its incompetent front men. Call me a picker of nits if you will, but one thing that instantly tells me a singer can't hold a note - unless it's a rolled-up C-note poised before a mammoth coke line - is when the warbler transforms a monosyllabic work into one with three syllables. Cases in point: lines like "I gotta goh-oo-oh" and Axl Rose's "Sweet child of my-ee-ine." Okay, it's not an earthshaking quirk; nonetheless, I still hey--ee-ate it.

(And don't even get me started on singers' cloddish attempts to look seductive - when they're *really* just trying to grab the attention away from the instrumentalists - that's supposed to be "dancing" - de rigueur self-absorbed rock star behavior since the night Mick Jagger tried to steal the T.A.M.I. Show from James Brown. You think that spaz from the Black Crowes has a clue how silly his posturing looks?)

There are some unlikely "sex symbols" out there, zeros who ordinarily couldn't attract a vampire in Transylvania if they weren't celebrities. Nothing new, of course, as bimbos have hung with stars since before Mary Magdalene parted her red knees.

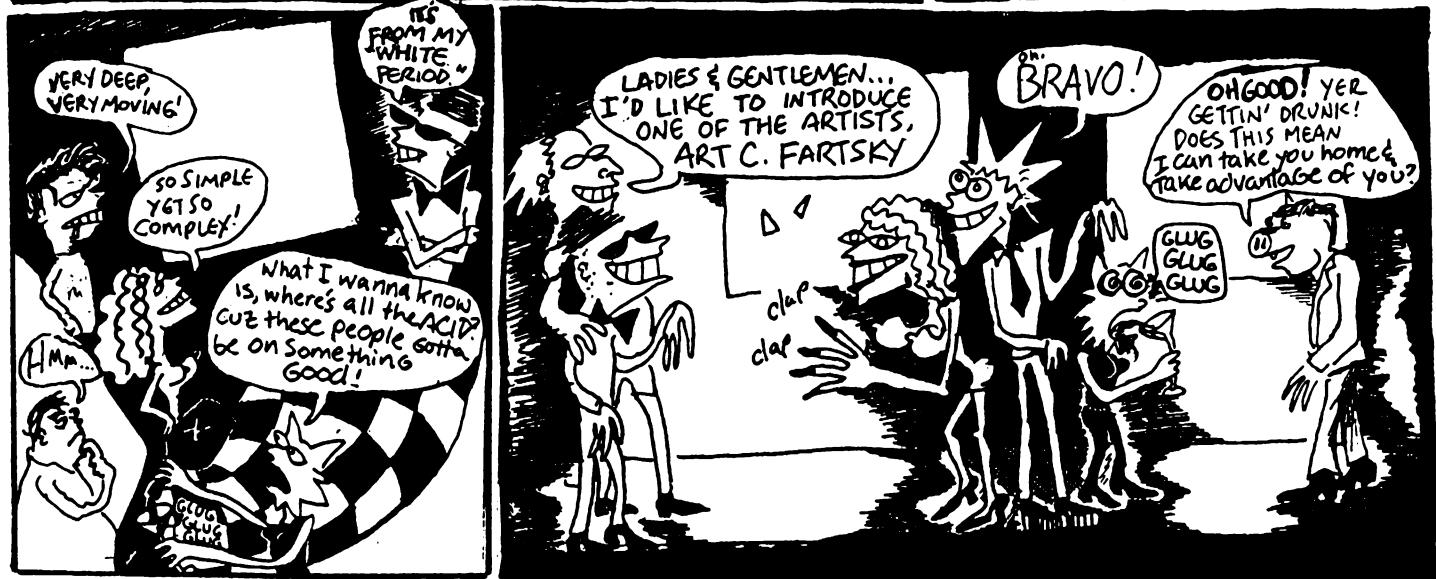
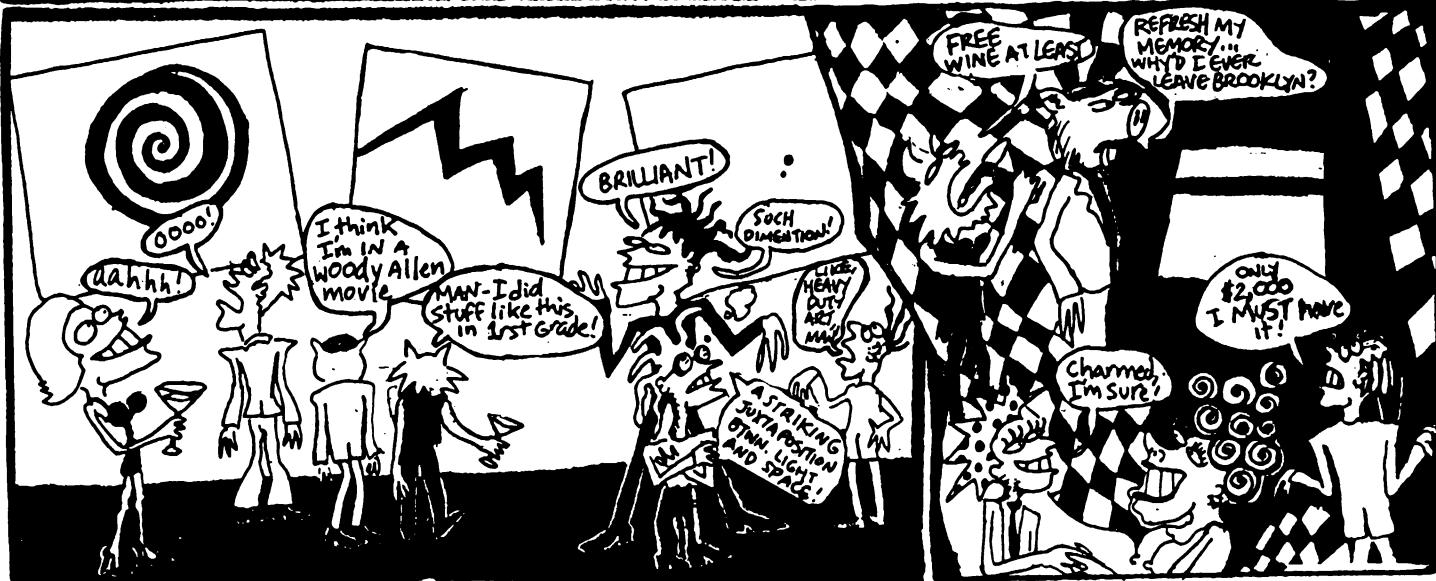
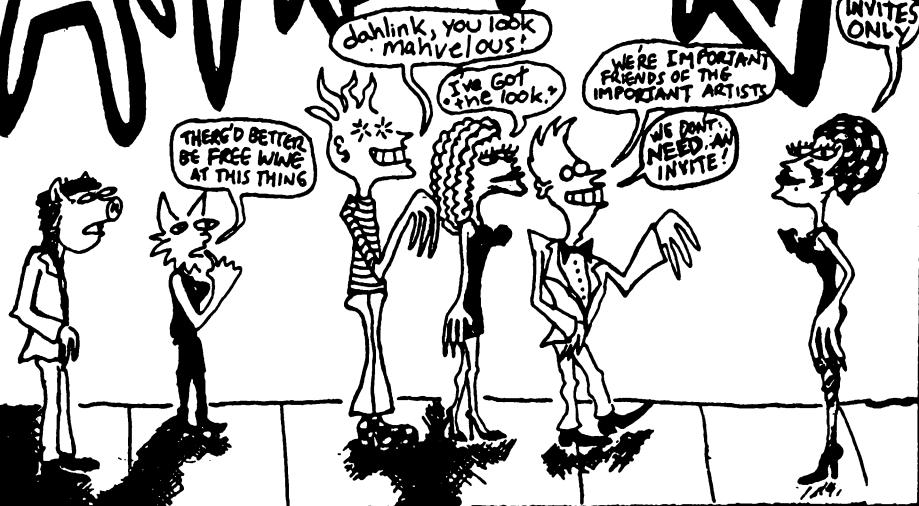
The scenario's apexing ape is the pathetic loser who, despite having zilch going in the "looks and charisma" department, veinly and vainly attempts to market her - or himself as a major score. If you thought the push of Bernie Kopell as the *Love Boat* lust boy was ludicrous, check out the way hohum hocus pocus hack David Copperfield is packaged as a conjuring Casanova.

Gawky, geeky and stiff, Copperfield - contrary to the image his p.r. shills perpetrate - comes off as a blow-dried nerd, more dud than stud. I've got Odor Eaters with more machismo. Do women a favor, Dave, and make *yourself* disappear.

HUBBA HUBBA HONEYS: This issue's Triple-H is dedicated to all those buoyant, bouffanted buxom babes who starred in the pre-hardcore skin pics. Today, appearing *au naturel* before a camera is all in a day's work for an actress. But back in "the old days" a gal had to have gall to doff her duds.

The "bare it and grin" girls were true rebels without a stitch. Spitting in the eye of severe ostracism, they pranced and romanced through "roughies" and "nudie cuties" decades before flashing one's flesh became "acceptable." These daring darlings boldly defied the misguided, puritanical mores of their time - and they looked great doing it. For those reasons, a hearty Brut salute goes out to the erotic exotics who peeled for yesterday's pulchritude pics. Gesundheit, wherever you are.

ART RECEPTION





THIRTEEN O'CLOCK



by Randy Palmer

The editor of Brutarian has very kindly allowed me the use of this space to bring an important message to my fellow film freaks. This month's message is: THERE IS NO CHINESE MAFIA. How do I know this? Well, it's somewhat of a strange story . . .

A couple of months ago I was "on assignment" for *Fangoria* magazine. Being "on assignment" basically means that no matter what, you get paid for whatever you write (as opposed to doing stuff "on spec." which is always iffy and not nearly as much fun). *Fango* wanted me to visit the Carolco studios in Wilmington, North Carolina, where an action-fantasy film called *The Crow* was being filmed. They asked me to interview the director and the special FX guy and the star cuz this was a "revenge" movie about a guy coming back from the grave and killing people. As you perfectly well know, any movie with the living dead in it, whether it's directed by George Romero or not, must be covered by *Fangoria*, otherwise they might lose their "New Testament" image. (The "Old Testament" was *Famous Monsters*.)

You remember what happened in Wilmington, don'tcha? The star of this \$14 million production was Brandon Lee, son of '70s martial arts phenomenon Bruce Lee. Brandon was playing Eric Draven, a rock-n-roller who's gunned down by a bunch of bad boys presided over by "Top Dollar" (Michael Wincott, a little weasel who won't give interviews to people from *Fangoria*). A year later Eric is resurrected by the Skull Cowboy (Michael Hills Have Eyes Berryman) to avenge his own death. Eric begins a systematic search and destroy mission, dispatching Dollar's gang of hell-raisers straight to Hell.

Did you notice I referred to Brandon Lee in the past tense? That's because he died one night while working on *The Crow* - six days after I interviewed him on the set; eight days before *The Crow* was scheduled to wrap; one day before April Fools' Day. A weird-oh accident occurred involving a prop gun and a bullet . . . and Brandon Lee took a shot to the abdomen, collapsed, and died twelve hours later, alone in a strange hospital in a strange town. He was only twenty-seven years old.

When I first heard about the accident I thought it was a publicity stunt. Jesus, I'd just talked to the guy less than a week earlier! How could such a thing happen? The reality of it all was slow - very slow - to sink in. And it's weird, man, listening to the interview now. That first question I asked him . . . hoo,

boy . . . "Tell us, Brandon, what's it feel like playing a dead guy . . ." It may not be *deja vu* exactly, but it's something pretty close.

The *Fangoria* assignment gets split into two pieces, a "preview" and a follow-up feature which may or may not run in the mag, depending on what happens to the film. So what is going to happen to *The Crow*? Out of a nine-week schedule only a handful of shooting days remained. Could Brandon's unfilmed scenes be omitted from the script? Could the editor cut around him? Might Bela Lugosi's chiropractor be interested in doing some body double work? Would Paramount be willing to write off fourteen million because their star died?

A few days after all the media hubbub about Brandon Lee and *The Crow* settles down, the phone rings: it's the film's publicist, wanting to know if I'm still going to write the article. Well, yeah, J.S., somebody's got to write the damned thing. Nobody dropped coverage of *Twilight Zone - The Movie* just because of a little setback like Vic Morrow's decapitation and the deaths of two Vietnamese children, did they? *This is show business, fchrissakes!*

"Well, I, uhh, was wondering if, that is, if you're . . . going to m-ention what h-happened . . . you know . . ."

Did he mean was I going to tell *Fangoria*'s readers that Brandon Lee was killed when a prop gun misfired? That an autopsy report showed that a *real* .44 bullet was extracted from his body? That the bullet was found lodged next to his spine? That he lost consciousness immediately but lingered in a state of dead-aliveness for twelve hours before signing off for good?

What he really wanted to know was if I was going to *exploit* Brandon Lee's death. I told him: hey, I'm not writing for the *Enquirer*. This is for *Fangoria*. This is the Big Time. This is *reporting*. Pulitzer prize stuff, maybe. Exploitation? Never heard of it.

"Y-yeah, okay . . ." J. S. pauses, then adds, "You know, all that Brandon had left to film were flashbacks." Meaning it'll be a cinch to finish the film

one way or another. All the really important scenes, with the Zombie-Brandon picking off the bad guys one by one, were already in the can. That's the way Hollywood works. Just in case something goes wrong.

Of course *The Crow* will be released. And of course it will be delayed. After all, there's an investigation in progress that's gonna gum up the editing process. But it's a sure bet Paramount is going to get this film out on the market: "Maybe as a Christmas release," someone says to me.

That's nice. Seasons greetings to everyone who's interested in coming to see the picture that killed Brandon Lee, compliments of Hollywood, U.S.A.

It's ten days later and now the dust is finally settling. A week ago Brandon Lee's name was on the 5, 6 and 11 o'clock news, on *The Today Show* and *Good Morning America*, here, there, and everywhere. This week, he's old hat. More important things have been happening in America. Other people have died, or been killed, gunned down by street gangs or murdered by the Mafia.

Oh - about the Chinese Mafia. I'll explain that in a moment.

Shortly after his death there was some speculation about whether Brandon was deliberately murdered. Television news anchors mentioned it in

hushed tones, and even Steven Seagal showed up on the tube, eyes narrowed distrustfully, talking in sinister tones about "foul play." The media kept ranting about the .44 slug that killed Lee, but Paramount's people made certain I understood something about the accident the media was conveniently ignoring, which is: the .44 was not necessarily a *real bullet*. It was probably a blank. How the blank managed to sail out of the prop gun's barrel and burrow into Lee's lithe body is something the investigators will have to figure out. Hell, that's their job. "I'm certain when this is all over, they'll see it was just a terrible, terrible accident," says the unit publicist.

Then, for added emphasis I suppose, he affirms, "and don't believe anything you hear about the Chinese Mafia."

"What? Oh, you mean the Tong?"

"Shhhh!" Eyes shifting left and right. A whisper: "Yeah. Right. They *don't exist*. There is no such thing. The Chinese Mafia didn't kill Brandon Lee. It was an *accident*."

I didn't tell him that prior to his phone call I hadn't heard a word about the Tong in connection with Brandon Lee's death. Apparently J. S. thought I had. Or would. Or maybe will. And who knows? Maybe he'll be right in the long run.

We'll see, won't we?

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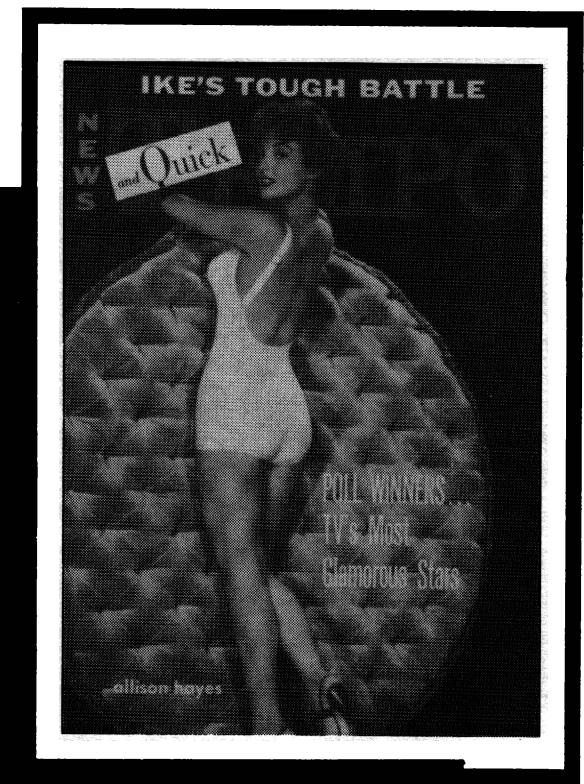
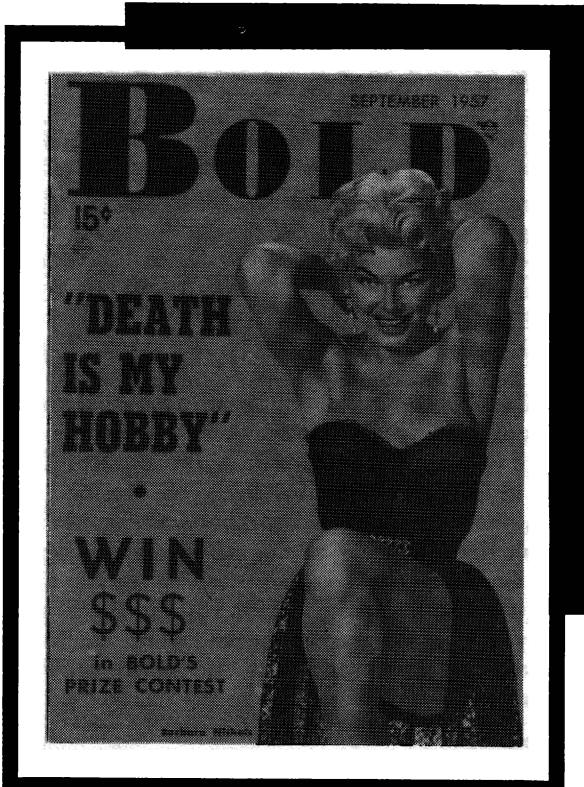
GARBAGE MIP BAG

by Jim Schoene

Comic book fans among you already know, but for the uninitiated, for some time now there has been a comic called **YUMMY FUR** making its way out of Canada. It's the creation of one Chester Brown, a severely tweaked individual with some severely startling and often grim insights into the human psyche. One of the segments in each issue was the ongoing saga of Ed, The Happy Clown. It's great stuff and has a look all its own (Brown won the 1990 Harvey Award for Best Cartoonist). It all may seem deceptively simple, especially the plotting, but it has that inner, subtle structure that all good nightmares have. In other words, there's more going on here than you may think. Anyway, the complete saga of Ed has been collected in a nice tradepaper edition from Vortex Comics. It should be available at most discriminating dealers, but if not write to them at P.O. Box 173, Sanborn, New York, 14132-0173. Also available in one volume is Brown's autobiographical **THE PLAYBOY**, also from the pages of Yummy Fur, and it goes a long way in explaining Brown's consuming dementia. Check this guy out . . . **BLOOD AND BLACK LACE**, named after the Mario Bava film, is a very nice, slick magazine from Great Britain devoted to Italian horror and genre films. Issue #2 is out (after a moderately-long hiatus) and it contains a John Martin interview with Dario Argento (not much on the new *Trauma*) and a Tim Lucas interview with Samuel Z. Arkoff, plus an exhaustive filmography of Bava's works. There's no date of issue, but it's been out awhile as they feature some extensive coverage of Soavi's *The Church* and *The Sect* (*The Devil's Daughter*). Available for \$6.50 per issue from Andrew Featherstone, Editor, P.O. Box 1689, Bishop's Stortford, Hertfordshire, CM 23 5BW, England . . . It took the Pope a while, but he finally tracked down the Japanese only release (so far) CD of **MASTERS OF MISERY: BLACK SABBATH: AN EARACHE TRIBUTE**. That's right, all your favorite Earache label bands, including Godflesh, Pitch Shifter, Scorn (whose new one, *Colossus* is due any day now), the highly-underrated Cathedral, Fudge Tunnel, Old, Brutal Truth, etc., doing their favorite Black Sabbath tunes. Sounds unbelievable, doesn't it? Well, it is. Imagine Scorn doing "The Wizard" in that nightmare-industrial-dub style all their own. Or Fudge Tunnel tearing the shit out of "Changes." Or Pitch Shifter immortalizing the already-immortal

"N.I.B." It's truly majestic; more noise and grinding than any release should be allowed. All the bands basically hail from smoky, cold, gray Birmingham (including the Sabbs), a town bombed flat as a sailcat during the Big One. Black Sabbath brought forth a new melding of styles when they burst loose, and many of these bands are (were) at the forefront of another mutation of basic rock - grindcore. (Aren't labels great?). Anyhow, this thing, including a very generous 68 minute running time and a terrific cover by Dan Seagrave, contains more heartache, paranoia, and damnation than anyone should have to listen to in their entire lifetime. Not to be missed at any cost. Should be available where good imports are carried, or write Toy's Factory Records, Tokyo, Japan . . . Another music release that the Pope considers absolutely essential and almost something of a dream project is **DECONSTRUCTION: THE CELLULOID RECORDINGS** by Bill Laswell. To some of you, a few of these recordings will sound familiar, while others will be completely unknown, but hopefully revelatory. Laswell is a bass player with roots in the very early seventies Detroit funk bands. He's also white, which may seem an unnecessary bit of information, but when you consider the breadth and scope of his work, especially in African musical genres, it is rather amazing. For much of the seventies, Laswell worked in varying musical aggregations, utilizing the once-hip Celluloid label as his base. (As everyone who has dealt with the label knows, the French fucker who started it stiffed everybody and anybody who recorded for him, from Columbus' own Royal Crescent Mob to The Last Poets. In fact, it's doubtful Jean-whatever whatever ever paid a single soul. One apocryphal story goes that Jalaluddin Mansur Nuriddin (or was it Suliaman El-Hadi?) of the Last Poets, the legendary sixties hip-hop & rap godfathers, went into the Celluloid offices in New York armed with a large knife in order to collect what he referred to as his "rent money." Frenchy paid up.) Okay, so Laswell has seemingly been able to uncover all the masters of things he produced and played on with this shyster's company, take them to Restless and convince their executives to rerelease it. The result: a two-CD package of over 140 minutes of real cutting edge stuff from as far back as '79, and all of it holds up extremely well. Laswell could be called a visionary.

What else would you call somebody who put a young Whitney Houston on the same song as tenor legend Archie Shepp? Or paired John Lydon with Afrika Bambaataa? Or teamed up Cream drummer Ginger Baker and funkmeister Bernie Worrell and added Ravi Shankar on violin for good measure? There are a couple of tracks from Laswell's collaboration with sax monster Peter Brotzmann, some essential Last Exit cuts, plus collaborative work with Africa's Toure Kunda, and even New York's Fab Five Freddy. For those of you who have picked up on the recent Axiom releases, including Nicky Skopelitis' *Ekstasis* (one of the best recordings of '93 thus far), this material will show you the early stages of producer/composer/performer Laswell's broad vision of music: it encompasses almost every musical style - hip hop, rock, free jazz, African juju, and so on. Truly a collection to be enjoyed in the years to come. I guess you can say Laswell's eclectic having worked with Yoko Ono and Motorhead. I mean, come on . . . Many of you Brutarians have seen a film entitled *Combat Shock*, directed by Staten Island's own Buddy Giovinazzo. Fewer probably have seen his uncut, original version (before Troma whacked it) called **AMERICAN NIGHTMARES**. Both contain some of the roughest stuff around, not necessarily graphically speaking but emotionally. Vietnam vet returns home to moronic wife and agent orange deformed kid. No job, no money. Just drugs and death. It's the real goods. Buddy has just published his first collection of short stories called, appropriately enough, **LIFE IS HOT IN CRACKTOWN**. It's a compendium of vignettes from the cities' drug-infested shitholes, hellish pits from which very few escape. Criminals, dealers, whores, pimps, they're all here in their collective misery. It's pretty potent material, but I saw much of it as sort of Hubert Selby without the art. Which doesn't mean that it isn't recommended, because it is. It's published by Thunder's Mouth Press, 632 Broadway, 7th Floor, New York, NY 10012, but it should be available at most reputable dealers . . . It seems that when the Pope finished Buddy's book and went straight into Bill Shields' **THE SOUTHEAST ASIAN BOOK OF THE DEAD**, he got that first class express ticket to Hell. To put it simply, it overwhelmed him. Shields' first short volume *Human Shrapnel* was an introductory preview of his own private torment, but with this new one, it's become fullblown. Both books are his attempts to deal with the Nam and what it did to him. But with this second installment, Shields' has found a stronger voice. There's a nice, potent introduction by Hubert Selby, one of America's true greats, and it was edited by one Henry Rollins and published, as was the first book, by Rollins' own company, 2.13.61, P.O. Box 1910, Los Angeles, California 90078. Don't miss it . . . For the paranoiacs among you (I'll bet there's a few), check out **PARANOIA: THE CONSPIRACY READER** a quarterly publication out of Rhode Island. Editor Al Hidell (remember L. Harvey Oswald's alias?)



has compiled all kinds of interesting tidbits including info about the death of Malcolm X (forget that Elijah Muhammad crap), hidden lies of Bill Clinton and who really controls him, the murder of Rudolph Hess in Spandau prison, oil reserves in Somalia (maybe we didn't go there for humanitarian reasons), The Council on Foreign Relations (CFR), The Trilateral Commission, and the Bilderberger Group. Real entertaining reading. Four issues delivered to your door by black-hooded aliens for only \$12.00. Payable to ROS, send to Paranoia, P.O. Box 3570, Cranston, RI 02910. (Ever been to Woonsocket?) . . . *Granta* is a literary magazine published several times a year that has a different theme each issue. Its editor, Bill Buford, an American from Baton Rouge, has written a scary book on British soccer (football) fanatics and the undercurrents of violence that pervade the sport and fester within its fans and titled it **AMONG THE THUGS**. The mayhem ranges from skirmishes during games to full-scale riots that paralyze cities. These guys make Bears' fans seem like choirboys. They're drunken skinheads with only one focus - football. Buford works his way into this sweaty, beer-soaked world and lives to write about it. It's sort of like Hunter Thompson covering a bunch of World Cup soccer matches while

in the midst of an ether binge. You know the feeling . . . Just out, is volume one of the complete **BUDDY BRADLEY** stories from the pages of *Hate* comics by Peter Bagge. A good-looking book with over 100 pages of tales of young losers. Has the feel of reality and will definitely touch a nerve. Entertaining. At comic stores or direct from Fantagraphics Books, 7563 Lake City Way NE, Seattle, Washington 98115 . . . Also available from those folks in Seattle is **LIKE A VELVET GLOVE CAST IN IRON** by Brutarian Dan Clowes. These things originally appeared in *Eightball*, and boy are they great. Fantastical, noirish, nightmarish, surreal; cooler than a David Lynch movie. Very nice work. Like the Bagge book, it comes in a nice oversized paperback edition which saves me the trouble of having to keep all the comics upright and in plastic paper bags . . . Finally, be sure to pick up Max Allan Collins **POCKET PIN-UPS** trading card set. A fairly detailed and well-written survey of fifties pocket-sized men's magazines and their cover girls (Betty Page, Mamie Van Doren, etc.) on thirty-six full color cards, it's a relative steal at only \$10.95 (plus shipping). Send your hard-earned dough to Kitchen Sink Press, Dept. SWI, Princeton, WI 54968 . . .

Take A Good Look At This Drawing.



Does it Disgust you? Does it arouse you? Does it matter one way or another since it's a cartoon? To the district attorney in the state of Florida it does. They have decided to prosecute Mike Diana for obscenity because his illustrations contain "stuff you won't see in photos," because "cartoons are supposed to be entertaining and funny and Mr. Diana's are none of the above." The only thing obscene about all of this is that Mike Diana has to defend his right to spin his semi-autobiographical tales of tragi-comic loss in a United States court of law. Help Mike in his fight to uphold the guarantees of the First Amendment, send funds or letters of support to: PO Box 5254, Largo, FL 34649.

P.S. Not to be outdone by the neo-nazis in the Sunshine State, a district attorney in Texas has proffered charges against Mike on the more serious ground of using the U.S. postal service for interstate transmission of pornographic materials.

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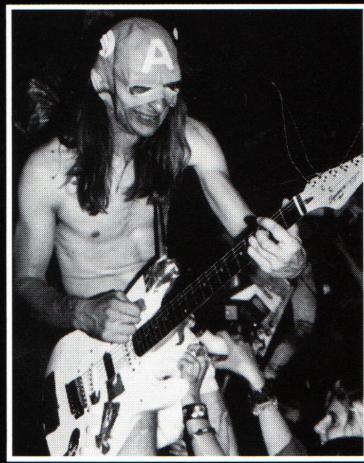
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